





REALMS OF MELODY



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Realms of Melody



REALMS OF MELODY

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EARLY VENTURING OVER THE WAVES
OF IMAGINATION
IN QUEST OF THE ISLES OF MAKE-BELIEVE
AND REGIONS RICH
IN
SONG

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G. C.

*HASTE! COME ABOARD AND MAN THE SHIP OF
WONDER!*

*HEAVE, HEAVE AND PAWL AS WE SWING THE
ANCHOR FREE!*

*WHITE CREAMS THE FOAM; WE CLEAVE THE SEAS
ASUNDER:*

*OH! SET THE SAILS FOR THE REALMS OF
MELODY!*

*SUNSHINE OF SONG BATHES ALL OUR WAKE WITH
GLORY,*

*GILDING A PATH MID THE BLUE OF SKY AND
SEA.*

*LAND LOOMS AHEAD—FAIR ISLES OF RHYME AND
STORY—*

*BEAR UP THE HELM FOR THE REALMS OF
MELODY!*

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REALM 1

ENGLAND

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ENGLAND

I

THIS royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea—
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands—
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings—
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth
Renown'd for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son—
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege,
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

II

THIS England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us
 rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

III

LET us be backed with God, and with the seas
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves.
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ENGLAND

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country ! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy
 clime

Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
And fields without a flower for warmer France
With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.

To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task ;
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake

Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminate, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper, when such things, as
smooth

And tender as a girl, all-essenced o'er
With odours, and as profligate as sweet,
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight,—when such as
these

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause ?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children ; praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.

Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter ! They have fallen
Each in his field of glory : one in arms,
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's shame.
They made us many soldiers. Chatham still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secured it by an unforgiving frown
If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
Those suns are set. Oh, rise some other such !
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, and despair of new.

WILLIAM COWPER.

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

WHAT have I done for you,
 England, my England ?
What is there I would not do,
 England, my own ?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
 As the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the world on your bugles blown !

Where shall the watchful sun,
 England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
 England, my own ?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Down the years on your bugles blown ?

Ever the faith endures,
 England, my England :—
“ Take and break us : we are yours,
 England, my own !
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky :
Death is death ; but we shall die
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 To the stars on your bugles blown ! ”

FIRST REALM

They call you proud and hard,
 England, my England :
 You with worlds to watch and ward,
 England, my own !
 You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
 Of such teeming destinies,
 You could know nor dread nor ease
 Were the Song on your bugles blown,
 England,
 Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

Mother of Ships whose might,
 England, my England,
 Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
 England, my own,
 Chosen daughter of the Lord,
 Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
 There's the menace of the Word
 In the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Out of heaven on your bugles blown !

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND

WINDS of the World, give answer ! They are
 whimpering to and fro—
 And what should they know of England who only
 England know ?—
 The poor little street-bred people that vapour and
 fume and brag,
 They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp
 at the English Flag.

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to plaster
 anew with dirt ?

An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's
shirt ?

We may not speak of England ; her Flag's to sell
or share.

What is the Flag of England ? Winds of the world
declare !

The North Wind blew :—" From Bergen my steel-
shod vanguards go ;

I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko floe.
By the great North Lights above me I work the
will of God,

And the liner splits on the ice-field or the Dogger
fills with cod.

I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors
with flame,

Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies
came ;

I took the sun from their presence, I cut them down
with my blast,

And they died, but the Flag of England blew free
ere the spirit passed.

The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long
Arctic night,

The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the
Northern light :

What is the Flag of England ? Ye have but my
bergs to dare,

Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it
is there ! "

The South Wind sighed :—" From the Virgins
my mid-sea course was ta'en,

Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,

Where the sea-egg flames on the coral, and the
long-backed breakers croon
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked
lagoon.

Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer keys,
I waked the palms to laughter—I tossed the scud
in the breeze—

Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English
flag was flown.

I have wrenched it free from the halliard to hang
for a wisp on the Horn ;
I have chased it north to the Lizard—ribboned
and rolled and torn ;
I have spread its fold o'er the dying, adrift in a
hopeless sea ;
I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and seen the
slave set free.

My basking sunfish know it and wheeling albatross,
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the
Southern Cross.
What is the Flag of England ? Ye have but my
reefs to dare,
Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is
there ! ”

The East Wind roared :—“ From the Kuriles, the
Bitter Seas, I come,
And me men call the Home-Wind, for I bring the
English home.
Look—look well to your shipping ! By the breath
of my mad typhoon
I swept your close-packed Praya and beached your
best at Kowloon !

The reeling junks behind me and the racing seas
before,
I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered Singa-
pore !
I set my hand on the Hoogli ; as a hooded snake she
rose,
And I heaved your stoutest steamers to roost with
the startled crows.

Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for
England's sake—
Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or
maid—
Because on the bones of the English the English flag
is stayed.

The desert-dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild-ass
knows,
The seared white leopard winds it across the taintless
snows.
What is the Flag of England ! Ye have but my
sun to dare,
Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it is
there ! ”

The West Wind called :—“ In squadrons the
thoughtless galleons fly
That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred
people die.
They make my might their porter, they make my
house their path,
And I loose my neck from their service and whelm
them all in my wrath.

I draw the gliding fog-bank as a snake is drawn
from the hole,
They bellow to one another, the frightened ship-bells
toll :

For day is a drifting terror till I raise the shroud
 with my breath,
And they see strange bows above them and the two
 go locked to death.

But whether in calm or wrack-wreath, whether by
 dark or day
I heave them whole to the conger or rip their plates
 away,
First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,
Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes
 by.

The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen
 dews have kissed—
The morning stars have hailed it, a fellow-star in
 the mist.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my
 breath to dare,
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for
 it is there !”

RUDYARD KIPLING.

REALM 2

ROMANCE

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KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

I

AN ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince that was callèd King John ;
And he rulèd England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury ;
How for his house-keeping and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day ;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

“ How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me ;
And for thy house-keeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown.”

“ My liege,” quoth the abbot, “ I would it were
known
I never spend nothing, but what is my own ;
And I trust your grace will do me no deere,
For spending of my own true-gotten gear.”

“ Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die ;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first,” quoth the king, “ when I’m in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liegemen so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about ;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.”

“ O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet.
But if you will give me but three weeks’ space,
I’ll do my endeavour to answer your grace.”

“ Now three weeks’ space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live ;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me.”

II

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford ;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold ;
“ How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home ;
What news do you bring us from good King John ? ”

“ Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,
That I have but three days more to live ;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liegemen so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about ;
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think.”

“ Now cheer up, sir abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit ?
Lend me horse and serving men, and your apparel
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

Nay frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship, as ever may be ;
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at fair London town.”

“ Now horses and serving men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the pope.”

III

“ Now, welcome, sir abbot,” the king he did say,
“ 'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day :
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both savêd shall be.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,

Among all my liegemen so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told.
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than He."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
"I did not think I had been worth so little!
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he rises again;
And then your grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. John,
"I did not think it could be gone so soon!
—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry;
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass,
"I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"
"Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alack! I can neither write nor read."

"Four nobles a week then I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King
John."

OLD BALLAD.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

I

Hamelin town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city ;
The River Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side ;
A pleasanter spot you never spied :
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats !
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking.
“ 'Tis clear,” cried they, “ our Mayor's a noddy ;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin !

You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease !
Rouse up, Sirs ! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing ! ”
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in council.
At length the Mayor broke silence,
“ For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell—
I wish I were a mile hence !
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so ; and all in vain—
Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap ! ”
Just as he said this, what should hap,
At the chamber door, but a gentle tap.
“ Bless us ! ” cried the Mayor, “ what's that ? ”
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat ;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous.)
“ Only a seraping of shoes on the mat !
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat ! ”

V

“ Come in ! ” the Mayor cried, looking bigger,
And in did come the strangest figure !
His queer long coat, from heel to head,
Was half of yellow and half of red ;
And he himself was tall and thin,

With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin.
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one, "It's as if my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone !"

VI

He advanced to the council table.
And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw !
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,—
The mole, the toad, the newt, the viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check ;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe.
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon his pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats :
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats

Will you give me a thousand guilders ? ”
“ One ! fifty thousand ! ” was the exelamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magie slept
In his quiet pipe the while.
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled.
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling ;
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails, and prieking whiskers.
Families by tens and dozens ;
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped, advaneing,
And step for step they followed daneing,
Until they came to the River Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished !—
Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to earry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary :
Which was, “ At the first shrill note of the pipe
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,

Into a cider-press's gripe :
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks ;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, ' Oh, rats, rejoice !
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, dinner, supper, luncheon !'
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, ' Come, bore me !'—
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
" Go," cried the Mayor, " and get long poles !
Poke out the nests, and block up the holes !
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats !" When suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, " First, if you please, my thousand
guilders !"

IX

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;
So did the Corporation, too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow,
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow !
“ Beside,” quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
“ Our business was done at the river’s brink ;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what’s dead can’t come to life, I think.
So friend, we’re not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink.
And a matter of money to put in your poke.
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders ! come, take fifty ! ”

X

The Piper’s face fell, and he cried,
“ No trifling ! I can’t wait. Beside !
I’ve promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook’s pottage, all he’s rich in,
For having left, in the caliph’s kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
With him I proved no bargain-driver ;
With you, don’t think I’ll bate a stiver !
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion.”

XI

“ How ! ” cried the Mayor, “ d’ye think I’ll brook
Being worse treated than a cook ?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald !
You threaten us, fellow ! Do your worst ;
Blow your pipe there till you burst ! ”

XII

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane ;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is
scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,—
Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
And now the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
However he turned from South to West
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed—
Great was the joy in every breast.

“ He never can cross that mighty top !
He’s forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop ! ”
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say “ All ” ? No ! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
“ It’s dull in our town since my playmates left !
I can’t forget that I’m bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new ;
And sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow-deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles’ wings ;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more ! ”

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher’s pate

A text which says that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in !

The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was man's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 't was a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and the year,
These words did not as well appear,
" And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six."
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, " The Pied Piper's Street,"
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away—
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress,
On which their neighbours lay such stress,

To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterranean prison
 Into which they were trepanned,
 Long ago in a mighty band,
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why, they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
 Of scores out with all men,—especiall pipers !
 And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from
 mice,
 If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
 promise !

ROBERT BROWNING.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
 Apparelled in magnifieent attire,
 With retinue of many a knight and squire,
 On St. John's Eve, at vespers, proudly sat
 And heard the priests chant the *Magnificat*.
 And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
 Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
 He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes
 De sede, et exaltavit humiles*" ;
 And slowly lifting up his kingly head
 He to a learned clerk beside him said,
 "What mean these words?" The clerk made
 answer meet,
 "He has put down the mighty from their seat,

And has exalted them of low degree.”
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
“ ’Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue ;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne ! ”
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night.
The church was empty, and there was no light
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and
faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, “ Who is there ? ”
Half-choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
“ Open ! ’Tis I, the King ! Art thou afraid ? ”
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
“ This is some drunken vagabond, or worse ! ”
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide—
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate ;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed ;
Voices and eries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light and breathing with perfume.

There on the daïs sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light !
It was an Angel ; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;
Then said, " Who art thou ? and why com'st thou
here ? "

To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,
" I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne ! "
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords.
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
" Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester. Thou

Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape.
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall ! ”

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and
prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs.
A group of tittering pages ran before
And, as they opened wide the folding door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of “ Long live the King ! ”

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, “ It was a dream ! ”
But the straw rustled as he turned his head.
There were the cap and bells beside his bed.
Around him rose the bare, discoloured walls.
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls.
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream ; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch !

Days came and went : and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign.
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,

Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
“ Art thou the King ? ” the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, “ I am, I am the King ! ”

Almost three years were ended ; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o’er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo ! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and
blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? Does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky.
The presence of the Angel with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw.
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,

Homeward the Angel journeyed. And again
The land was made resplendent with his train
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire.
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his
head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him, "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are. Let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place.
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near
Above the stir and tumult of the street.
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string,
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all apparelled, as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold.
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their lord
King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water. And the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere,
“ The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more. But, let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride. For thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king.
(And, wheresoever I am sung or told

In aftertime, this also shall be known.)
But now delay not. Take Exealibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere.
Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me
word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere,
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm—
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon, athwart the place of tombs
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping
down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Exealibur ;
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long eloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt ;
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood—
This way and that dividing the swift mind
In act to throw. But at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Exealibur eonceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere,
“Hast thou perform’d my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere,
“I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the erag.”

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale,
“Thou hast betray’d thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as besem’d
Thy fêalty, nor like a noble knight.
For surer sign had follow’d. Either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee. Watch, and lightly bring me word.”

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix’d in thought.
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud,

“And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord,
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath

And rumours of a doubt ? But were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, ' King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honour and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily,
" What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ? "

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere,
" I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath,
" Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me !
Authority forgets a dying king.
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt—
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence.
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great
brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur.
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath,
“ Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out ! What is it thou hast heard, or seen ? ”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere,
“ Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.”

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard,
“ My end draws nigh. 'Tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin. Yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.”

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words ;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, " Quick,
quick !

I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of arm'd heels—
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them ; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold ; and from them
rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony

Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes
Or hath come since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the
barge";
So to the barge they came. There those three
Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his
hands
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood. For all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with
dust,
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shattered column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance
And every chance brought out a noble knight.

Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world.
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge,
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself. What comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure! But thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by
prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy
voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day!
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

LORD TENNYSON.

SHAMEFUL DEATH

THERE were four of us about that bed ;
The mass-priest knelt at the side,
I and his mother stood at the head,
Over his feet lay the bride ;
We were quite sure that he was dead,
Though his eyes were open wide.

He did not die in the night,
He did not die in the day,
But in the morning twilight
His spirit passed away,
When neither sun nor moon was bright,
And the trees were merely grey.

He was not slain with the sword,
Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,
Yet spoke he never a word
After he came in here ;
I cut away the cord
From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,
For the reereants came behind,
In a place where the hornbeams grow,
A path right hard to find,
For the hornbeam boughs swing so,
That the twilight makes it blind.

They lighted a great torch then,
When his arms were pinioned fast.
Sir John the Knight of the Fen,
Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,
With knights threescore and ten,
Hung brave Lord Hugh at last.

I am threescore and ten,
And my hair is all turned grey,
But I met Sir John of the Fen
Long ago on a summer day,
And am glad to think of the moment when
I took his life away.

I am threescore and ten,
And my strength is mostly passed,
But long ago I and my men,
When the sky was overcast,
And the smoke rolled over the reeds of the fen,
Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast.

And now, knights all of you,
I pray you pray for Sir Hugh,
A good knight and a true,
And for Alice, his wife, pray too.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Direk galloped, we galloped all three ;
“ Good speed ! ” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew ;
“ Speed ! ” echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest.
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other. We kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place.

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique
right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

’Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew
near

Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, ’twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Meeheln church-steeple we heard the
half chime,
So Joris broke silence with, “ Yet there is time ! ”

At Aershot, up-leaped of a sudden the sun.
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past.
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray ;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his
track ;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and
anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Direk groaned ; and cried Joris,
“ Stay spur !
Your Roos galloped bravely. The fault's not in her.
We'll remember at Aix ”—for one heard the quick
wheeze
Of her chest, saw her stretched neck and staggering
knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres. No cloud in the sky—
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh.
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble
like chaff ;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And “ Gallop,” gasped Joris, “ for Aix is in sight !

How they'll greet us ! ” and all in a moment his
roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone !
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I east loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
peer ;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise,
bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the
ground—
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of
wine
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king and loved a royal
sport
And, one day as his lions fought, sat looking on
the court.
The nobles fill'd the benches, with the ladies in
their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with
one for whom he sighed.
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning
show—
Valour and love, and a King above, and the royal
beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing
jaws.

They bit, they glared ; gave blows like beams. A
wind went with their paws.

With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled
on one another,

Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a
thunderous smother.

The bloody foam above the bars came whisking
through the air ;

Said Francis then, " Faith, gentlemen, we're better
here than there ! "

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous,
lively dame,

With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which
always seem'd the same.

She thought, " The Count, my lover, is brave as
brave can be ;

He surely would do wondrous things to show his
love of me !

King, ladies, lovers, all look on ; the occasion is
divine.

I'll drop my glove to prove his love ; great glory
will be mine ! "

She dropped her glove to prove his love ; then
looked at him and smiled.

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the
lions wild !

The leap was quick. Return was quick. He has
regained his place—

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in
the lady's face !

" By Heav'n ! " said Francis, " rightly done ! "
and he rose from where he sat ;

" No love," quoth he, " but vanity, sets love a
task like that ! "

LEIGH HUNT.

LOCHINVAR

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broad-sword he weapons had
 none ;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for
 stone ;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented. The gallant came late—
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall
Among bride's-men and kinsmen and brothers and
 all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
 sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a
 word),
“ O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? ”

“ I long wooed your daughter. My suit you denied.
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one eup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kissed the goblet. The knight took it up.
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
 “Now tread we a measure!” said young
 Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
 plume ;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, “ ’Twere better
 by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young
 Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear
 When they reached the hall-door and the charger
 stood near !
 So light to the eroup the fair lady he swung !
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
 “She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
 They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Netherby
 elan ;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
 they ran ;
 There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FORTY SINGING SEAMEN

“In our lands be Beeres and Lyons of dyvers colours as ye redd, grene, black, & white. And in our land be also unicornes and these Unicornes slee many Lyons. . . . Also there dare no man make a lye in our lande, for if he dyde he sholde incontynent be sleyn.”—*Mediaeval Epistle of Pope Prester John*.

I

ACROSS the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore we
plodded,

Forty singing seamen in an old black barque,
And we landed in the twilight where a Polyphemus
noddod

With his battered moon-eye winking red and
yellow through the dark !

For his eye was growing mellow,
Rich and ripe and red and yellow,

As was time, since old Ulysses made him bellow
in the dark !

CHORUS.—Since Ulysses bunged his eye up with a
pine-toreh in the dark !

II

Were they mountains in the gloaming or the giant's
ugly shoulders

Just beneath the rolling eyeball, with its bleared
and vinous glow.

Red and yellow o'er the purple of the pines among
the boulders

And the shaggy horror brooding on the sullen
slopes below,

Were they pines among the boulders
Or the hair upon his shoulders ?

We were only simple seamen, so of course we
didn't know.

CHORUS.—We were simple singing seamen, so of
course we couldn't know.

III

But we crossed a plain of poppies, and we came
upon a fountain

Not of water, but of jewels, like a spray of leaping
fire ;

And behind it, in an emerald glade, beneath a
golden mountain

There stood a crystal palace, for a sailor to
admire ;

For a troop of ghosts come round us,

Which with leaves of bay they crowned us,

Then with grog they well nigh drowned us, to
the depth of our desire !

CHORUS.—And 'twas very friendly of them, as a
sailor can admire !

IV

There was music all about us, we were growing
quite forgetful

We were only singing seamen from the dirt of
London town,

Though the nectar that we swallowed seemed to
vanish half regretful

As if we wasn't good enough to take such vittles
down,

When we saw a sudden figure,

Tall and black as any nigger,

Like the devil—only bigger—drawing near us
with a frown !

CHORUS.—Like the devil—but much bigger—and
he wore a golden crown !

V

And “ what's all this ? ” he growls at us ! With
dignity we chaunted,

“ Forty singing seamen, sir, as won't be put
upon ! ”

“ What ? Englishmen ? ” he cries, “ Well, if ye
don’t mind being haunted,
Faith, you’re welcome to my palace ; I’m the
famous Prester John !
Will ye walk into my palace ?
I don’t bear ’ee any malice !
One and all ye shall be welcome in the halls of
Prester John ! ”

CHORUS.—So we walked into the palace and the
halls of Prester John !

VI

Now the door was one great diamond and the hall
a hollow ruby—
Big as Beachy Head, my lads, nay bigger by a
half !
And I sees the mate wi’ mouth agape, a-staring
like a booby,
And the skipper close behind him, with his
tongue out like a calf !
Now the way to take it rightly
Was to walk along politely
Just as if you didn’t notice—so I couldn’t help
but laugh !

CHORUS.—For they both forgot their manners and
the crew was bound to laugh !

VII

But he took us through his palace, and, my lads, as
I’m a sinner,
We walked into an opal like a sunset-coloured
cloud—
“ My dining-room,” he says, and, quick as light
we saw a dinner
Spread before us by the fingers of a hidden fairy
crowd ;

And the skipper, swaying gently
After dinner, murmurs faintly,
“ I looks to-wards you, Prester John, you’ve done
us very proud ! ”

CHORUS.—And we drank his health with honours,
for he *done* us *very* proud !

VIII

Then he walks us to his garden where we sees a
feathered demon

Very splendid and important on a sort of spiey tree !
“ That’s the Phoenix,” whispers Prester, “ which
all eddicated seamen

Knows the only one existent, and *he’s* waiting
for to flee !

When his hundred years expire

Then he’ll set hisself a-fire

And another from his ashes rise most beautiful
to see ! ”

CHORUS.—With wings of rose and emerald most
beautiful to see !

IX

Then he says, “ In yonder forest there’s a little
silver river,

And whosoever drinks of it, his youth shall
never die !

The centuries go by, but Prester John endures for
ever

With his music in the mountains and his magic
on the sky !

While *your* hearts are growing colder

While your world is growing older,

There’s a magic in the distance, where the sea-line
meets the sky.”

CHORUS.—It shall call to singing seamen till the
fount o’ song be dry !

X

So we thought we'd up and seek it, but that forest
fair defied us,—

First a crimson leopard laughs at us most horrible
to see,

Then a sea-green lion came and sniffed and licked
his chops and eyed us,

While a red and yellow unicorn was dancing
round a tree !

We was trying to look thinner,

Which was hard, because our dinner

Must ha' made us very tempting to a cat o' high
degree !

CHORUS.—Must ha' made us very tempting to the
whole menarjeree !

XI

So we seuttled from that forest and across the
poppy meadows

Where the awful shaggy horror brooded o'er us
in the dark !

And we pushes out from shore again a-jumping
at our shadows,

And pulls away most joyful to the old black
barque !

And home again we plodded

While the Polyphemus nodded

With his battered moon-eye winking red and
yellow through the dark.

CHORUS.—Oh, the moon above the mountains, red
and yellow through the dark.

XII

Across the seas of Wonderland to London-town we
blundered,

Forty singing seamen as was puzzled for to know

If the visions that we saw was caused by—here
again we pondered—

A tippie in a vision forty thousand years ago.

Could the grog we *dreamt* we swallowed

Make us *dream* of all that followed ?

We were only simple seamen, so of course we
didn't know !

CHORUS.—We were simple singing seamen, so of
course we could not know !

ALFRED NOYES.

HOW HIAWATHA BUILT HIMSELF A BIRCH-BARK CANOE

“ GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-Tree !

Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree !

Growing by the rushing river,

Tall and stately in the valley !

I a light canoe will build me,

Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,

That shall float upon the river,

Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,

Like a yellow water-lily !

Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree !

Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,

For the Summer-time is coming,

And the sun is warm in heaven,

And you need no white-skin wrapper ! ”

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha

In the solitary forest,

By the rushing Taquamenaw,

When the birds were singing gaily,

In the Moon of Leaves were singing,

And the sun, from sleep awaking,

Started up and said, "Behold me !
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me !"

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha !"

With his knife the tree he girdled ;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward.
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar !
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me !"

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance ;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha !"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack !
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree !
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me !"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha !"

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

“ Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree !
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me ! ”

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
“ Take my balm, O Hiawatha ! ”

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

“ Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog !
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog !
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom ! ”

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
“ Take my quills, O Hiawatha ! ”

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries.
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded

In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest.
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews.
And it floated on the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HOW PAU-PUK-KEEWIS DANCED AT HIAWATHA'S WEDDING

*You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,
How the handsome Y-enadizze,
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding . . .*

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis
Made at Hiawatha's wedding.
All the bowls were made of bass-wood,
White and polished very smoothly ;
All the spoons of horn of bison,
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village
Messengers with wands of willow
As a sign of invitation.
As a token of the feasting.
And the wedding guests assembled,
Clad in all their richest raiment,
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,
Splendid with their paint and plumage,
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,

And the pike, the Maskenozha,
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis;
Then on pemican they feasted,
Pemican and buffalo marrow,
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,
And the lovely Laughing Water,
And the careful old Nokomis,
Tasted not the food before them.
Only waited on the others,
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter,
Filled the red stone pipes for smoking
With tobacco from the South-land,
Mixed with bark of the red willow,
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gaily,
And our guests be more contented!"

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He the idle Yenadizze,
He the merry mischief-maker,
Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,
Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,
In the merry dance of snow-shoes,
In the play of quoits and ball-play;
Skilled was he in games of hazard,
In all games of skill and hazard,
Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,
Koomtassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him Faint-Heart,
Called him coward, Shaugodaya,
Idler, gambler, Ycnadizze,
Little heeded he their jesting,
Little cared he for their insults ;
For the women and the maidens
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin,
White and soft, and fringed with ermine,
All inwrought with beads of wampum ;
He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,
And in mocassins of buck-skin,
Thick with quills and beads embroidered.
On his head were plumes of swan's down,
On his heels were tails of foxes,
In one hand a fan of feathers,
And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,
Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
From his forehead fell his tresses,
Smooth and parted like a woman's,
Shining bright with oil, and plaited,
Hung with braids of scented grasses,
As among the guests assembled,
To the sound of flutes and singing,
To the sound of drums and voices,
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,
Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine-trees,
Through the shadows and the sunshine.
Treading softly like a panther,
Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,

Eddying round and round the wigwam,
Till the leaves went whirling with him,
Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
On he sped with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it
Wildly in the air around him ;
Till the wind became a whirlwind,
Till the sand was blown and sifted
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,
Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo !

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,
And returning, sat down laughing
There among the guests assembled,
Sat and fanned himself serenely
With his fan of turkey feathers.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BALLAD OF "BEAU BROCADE"

"Hark ! I hear the sound of coaches !" — *Beggar's Opera*.

I

SEVENTEEN hundred and thirty-nine :—
That was the date of this tale of mine.

First great GEORGE was buried and gone ;
GEORGE the Second was plodding on.

LONDON then, as the " Guides " aver,
Shared its glories with *Westminster* ;

And people of rank to correct their "tone,"
Went out of town to *Marybone*.

Those were the days of the War with *Spain*,
PORTO-BELLO would soon be ta'en ;

WHITEFIELD preached to the colliers grim,
Bishops in lawn sleeves preached at him ;

WALPOLE talked of "a man and his price" ;
Nobody's virtue was over-nice ;

Those, in fine, were the brave days when
Coaches were stopped by . . . *Highwaymen* !

And of all the knights of the gentle trade
Nobody bolder than "BEAU BROCADE."

This they knew on the whole way down ;
Best,—maybe,—at the "*Oak and Crown*."

(For timorous cits on their pilgrimage
Would "club" for a "Guard" to ride the stage ;

And the Guard that rode on more than one
Was the Host of this hostel's sister's son.)

Open we here on a March day fine,
Under the oak with the hanging sign.

There was Barber DICK with his basin by ;
Cobbler JOE with the patch on his eye ;

Portly product of Beef and Beer,
JOHN the host, he was standing near.

Straining and creaking, with wheels awry,
Lumbering came the "*Plymouth Fly*" ;—

Lumbering up from *Bagshot Heath*,
Guard in the basket armed to the teeth ;

Passengers heavily armed inside ;
Not the less surely the coach had been tried !

Tried !—but a couple of miles away,
By a well-dressed man !—in the open day !

Tried successfully, never a doubt,—
Pockets of passengers all turned out !

Cloak-bags rifled, and cushions ripped,—
Even an Ensign's wallet stripped !

Even a Methodist hosier's wife
Offered the choice of her Money or Life !

Highwayman's manners no less polite,
Hoped that their coppers (returned) were right ;—

Sorry to find the company poor,
Hoped next time they'd travel with more ;—

Plucked them all at his ease, in short :—
Such was the "*Plymouth Fly's*" report.

Sympathy ! horror ! and wonderment !
"Catch the Villain !" (But Nobody went.)

Hosier's wife led into the Bar,
(That's where the best strong waters are !)

Followed the tale of the hundred-and-one
Things that Somebody ought to have done.

Ensign (of BRAGG's) made a terrible clangour :
But for the Ladies had drawn his hanger !

Robber, of course, was “**BEAU BROCADE**” ;
Out-spoke **DOLLY** the Chambermaid.

Devonshire **DOLLY**, plump and red,
Spoke from the gallery overhead ;—

Spoke it out boldly, staring hard :—
“**Why** didn’t you shoot then, **GEORGE** the Guard?”

Spoke it out bolder, seeing him mute :—
“**GEORGE** the Guard, **why** didn’t you shoot ? ”

Portly **JOHN** grew pale and red,
(**JOHN** was afraid of her, people said) ;

Gasped that “**DOLLY** was surely cracked,”
(**JOHN** was afraid of her—that’s a fact !)

GEORGE the Guard grew red and pale,
Slowly finished his quart of ale :—

“Shoot ? **Why**—Rabbit him !—didn’t he shoot ? ”
Muttered—“**The** **Baggage** was far too cute ! ”

“Shoot ? **Why**, he’d flashed the pan in his eye ! ”
Muttered—“**She’d** pay for it by and by ! ”
Further than this made no reply.

Nor could a further reply be made,
For **GEORGE** *was in league with* “**BEAU BROCADE**” !

And **JOHN** the Host, in his wakefullest state,
Was not—on the whole—immaculate.

But nobody’s virtue was over-nice
When **WALPOLE** talked of “**a man and his price**” ;

And wherever Purity found abode,
’Twas certainly *not* on a posting road.

II

“Forty” followed to “Thirty-nine,”
Glorious days of the *Hanover* line !

Princes were born, and drums were banged ;
Now and then batches of Highwaymen hanged.

“Glorious news !”—from the *Spanish Main* ;
PORTO-BELLO at last was ta'en.

“Glorious news !”—for the liquor trade ;
Nobody dreamed of “BEAU BROCADE.”

People were thinking of *Spanish Crowns* ;
Money was coming from seaport towns !

Nobody dreamed of “BEAU BROCADE,”
(Only DOLLY the Chambermaid !)

Blessings on VERNON ! Fill up the cans ;
Money was coming in “*Flys*” and “*Vans*.”

Possibly, JOHN the Host had heard ;
Also, certainly, GEORGE the Guard.

And DOLLY had possibly tidings, too,
That made her rise from her bed anew,

Plump as ever, but stern of eye,
With a fixed intention to warn the “*Fly*.”

Lingering only at JOHN his door,
Just to make sure of a jerky snore ;

Saddling the grey mare, *Dumpling Star* ;
Fetching the pistol out of the bar ;

(The old horse-pistol that, they say,
Came from the battle of *Malplaquet* ;)

Loading with powder that maids would use,
Even in "Forty," to clear the flues ;

And a couple of silver buttons, the Squire
Gave her, away in *Devonshire*.

These she wadded—for want of a better—
With the B-SH-P of L-ND-N's "Pastoral Letter "

Looked to the flint, and hung the whole,
Ready to use, at her pocket-hole.

Thus equipped and accoutred, DOLLY
Clattered away to "*Exciseman's Folly*" ;—

Such was the name of a ruined abode,
Just on the edge of the *London* road.

Thence she thought she might safely try,
As soon as she saw it, to warn the "*Fly*."

But, as chance fell out, her rein she drew,
As the BEAU came cantering into the view.

By the light of the moon she could see him drest
In his famous gold-sprigged tambour vest ;

And under his silver-grey surtout,
The laced, historical coat of blue,

That he wore when he went to *London-Spaw*,
And robbed Sir MUNGO MUCKLETHRAW.

Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid,
(Trembling a little, but not afraid,)
"Stand and Deliver, O 'BEAU BROCADE' !"

But the BEAU drew nearer, and would not speak,
For he saw by the moonlight a rosy cheek ;

And a spavined mare with a rusty hide ;
And a girl with her hand at her pocket-side.

So never a word he spake as yet,
For he thought 'twas a freak of MEG or BET ;—
A freak of the “ *Rose* ” or the “ *Rummer* ” set.

Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid,
(Tremulous now, and sore afraid,)
“ Stand and Deliver, O ‘ BEAU BROCADE ’ ! ”

Firing then, out of sheer alarm,
Hit the BEAU in the bridle-arm.

Button the first went none knows where,
But it carried away his *solitaire* ;

Button the second a circuit made,
Glanced in under the shoulder-blade ;—
Down from the saddle fell “ BEAU BROCADE ” !

Down from the saddle and never stirred !—
DOLLY grew white as a *Windsor* curd.

Slipped not less from the mare, and bound
Strips of her kirtle about his wound.

Then, lest his Worship should rise and flee,
Fettered his ankles—tenderly.

Jumped on his chestnut, BET the fleet
(Called after BET of *Portugal Street*) ;

Came like the wind to the old Inn-door ;—
Roused fat JOHN from a threefold snore ;—

Vowed she'd 'peach if he misbehaved . . .
Briefly, the "*Plymouth Fly*" was saved !

Staines and *Windsor* were all on fire :—
DOLLY was wed to a *Yorkshire* squire ;
Went to Town at the K—G's desire !

But whether His M—J—STY saw her or not,
HOGARTH jotted her down on the spot ;

And something of DOLLY one still may trace
In the fresh contours of his "*Milkmaid's*" face.

GEORGE the Guard fled over the sea :
JOHN had a fit—of perplexity ;

Turned King's evidence, sad to state ;—
But JOHN was never immaculate.

As for the BEAU, he was duly tried,
When his wound was healed, at *Whitsuntide* ;

Served—for a day—as the last of "sights,"
To the world of *St. James's Street* and "*White's*,"

Went on his way to TYBURN TREE,
With a pomp befitting his high degree.

Every privilege rank confers :—
Bouquet of pinks at *St. Sepulchre's* ;

Flagon of ale at *Holborn Bar* ;
Friends (in mourning) to follow his Car—
("t" is omitted where HEROES are !)

Every one knows the speech he made ;
Swore that he "rather admired the Jade !" —

Waved to the crowd with his gold-laced hat :
Talked to the Chaplain after that ;

Turned to the Topsman undismayed . . .
This was the finish of " BEAU BROCADE " !

*And this is the Ballad that seemed to hide
In the leaves of a dusty " LONDONER'S GUIDE " ;*

*" Humbly Inscrib'd (with curls and tails)
By the Author to FREDERICK, Prince of WALES :—*

*Published by FRANCIS and OLIVER PINE ;
Ludgate Hill, at the Blackmoor Sign.
Seventeen-Hundred-and-Thirty-Nine."*

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

I

THE wind was a torrent of darkness among the
gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy
seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple
moor,
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-
door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch
of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown
doeskin ;
They fitted with never a wrinkle : his boots were
up to the thigh !
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the
dark inn-yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but
all was locked and barred ;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should
be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black
hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket
creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened ; his face was white
and peaked ;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like
mouldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter ;—
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber
say—

“ One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize
to-night,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the
morning light ;

Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through
the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should
bar the way."

He rose upright in the stirrups ; he scarce could
reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement ! His
face burnt like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling
over his breast ;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight !)
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and
galloped away to the West.

II

He did not come in the dawning ; he did not come
at noon ;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the
moon,
When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the
purple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching—
Marching—marching—
King George's men came marching, up to the old
inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his
ale instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the
foot of her narrow bed ;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets
at their side !

There was death at every window ;
 And hell at one dark window ;
For Bess could see, through her easement, the road
 that *he* would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a
 sniggering jest ;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the
 barrel beneath her breast !
“ Now keep good watch ! ” and they kissed her.
 She heard the dead man say—
Look for me by moonlight ;
 Watch for me by moonlight ;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar
 the way !

She twisted her hands behind her ; but all the knots
 held good !
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with
 sweat or blood !
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and
 the hours crawled by like years,
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
 Cold, on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it ! The trigger at
 least was hers !

The tip of one finger touched it ; she strove no
 more for the rest !
Up, she stood to attention, with the barrel beneath
 her breast,
She would not risk their hearing ; she would not
 strive again ;
For the road lay bare in the moonlight ;
 Blank and bare in the moonlight ;
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed
 to her love's refrain.

Tlot-tlot ; tlot-tlot ! Had they heard it ? The
horse-hoofs ringing clear ;
Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance ? Were they deaf
that they did not hear ?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of
the hill,
The highwayman came riding,
Riding, riding !
The red-coats looked to their priming ! She
stood up, straight and still !

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence ! *tlot-tlot,* in the
echoing night !
Nearer he came and nearer ! Her face was like a
light !
Her eyes grew wide for a moment ; she drew one
last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned
him—with her death.

He turned ; he spurred to the Westward ; he did
not know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched
with her own red blood !
Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched
to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and
died in the darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to
the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him and his
rapier brandished high !

Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon ; wine-
red was his velvet coat ;
When they shot him down on the highway,
 Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the
 bunch of lace at his throat.

*And still of a winter's night, they say, when the
 wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon
 cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the
 purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding—
 Riding—riding—
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.*

*Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark
 inn-yard,
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is
 locked and barred ;
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be
 waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
 Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.*

ALFRED NOYES.

A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

*Oh, east is east, and west is west, and never the twain
 shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great
 Judgment Seat.*

*But there is neither east nor west, border nor breed
nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they
come from the ends of the earth.*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border
side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the
Colonel's pride :
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between
the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden
her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a
troop of the Guides,
" Is there never a man of all my men can say
where Kamal hides ? "
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of
the Ressaldar,
" If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye
know where his pickets are.
At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into
Bonair—
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place
to fare,
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he
win to the Tongue of Jagai.
But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly
turn ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain
are sown with Kamal's men."
The Colonel's son has taken horse, and a raw rough
dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell
and the head of the gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid
him stay to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not
long at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he
can fly,

Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut
of the Tongue of Jagai,

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal
upon her back,

And when he could spy the white of her eye, he
made the pistol crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the
whistling ball went wide.

"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show
now if ye can ride."

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown
dust-devils go,

The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare
like a barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his
head above,

But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars as
a lady plays with a glove.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky,
their hoofs drum up the dawn,

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare
like a new-roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap
fell he,—

And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and
pulled the rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small
room was there to strive—

"'Twas only by favour of mine," quoth he, "ye
rode so long alive ;

There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was
not a clump of tree,

But covered a man of my own men with his rifle
cocked on his knee.

If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it
low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all
in a row ;
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have
held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged
till she could not fly.”
Lightly answered the Colonel’s son, “ Do good to
bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before
thou makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry
my bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal’s meal were more than
a thief could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop,
their men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when
all the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair—thy brethren
wait to sup—
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog,
and call them up !
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and
gear and stack,
Give me my father’s mare again, and I’ll fight my
own way back ! ”
Kamal has gripped him by the hand, and set him
upon his feet.
“ No talk shall be of dogs,” said he, “ when wolf
and grey wolf meet.
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or
breath.
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at
the dawn with Death ? ”
Lightly answered the Colonel’s son :—“ I hold by
the blood of my clan ;

Take up the mare for my father's gift—By God
she has carried a man ! ”

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled
her nose in his breast,

“ We be two strong men,” said Kamal then, “ but
she loveth the younger best.

So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-
studded rein,

My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver
stirrups twain.”

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-
end,

“ Ye have taken the one from a foe,” said he ;
“ will ye take the mate from a friend ? ”

“ A gift for a gift,” said Kamal straight ; “ a limb
for the risk of a limb.

Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son
to him ! ”

With that he whistled his only son, who dropped
from a mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring and he looked
like a lance in rest.

“ Now here is thy master,” Kamal said, “ who
leads a troop of the Guides,

And thou must ride at his left side as shield to
shoulder rides.

Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board
and bed,

Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with
thy head.

And thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and
all her foes are thine,

And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace
of the Border-line,

And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy
way to power—

Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am
hanged in Peshawur.”

They have looked each other between the eyes, and
there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood
on leavened bread and salt ;
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood
on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and
the Wondrous Names of God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's
boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where
there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full
twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the
blood of the mountaineer.
“ Ha' done ! ha' done ! ” said the Colonel's son.
“ Put up the steel at your sides !
Last night ye had struek at a Border thief—to-night
'tis a man of the Guides ! ”

*Oh, east is east, and west is west, and never the twain
shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment seat.
But there is neither east nor west, border nor breed
nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they
come from the ends of the earth.*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

REALM 3

HEROES AND HEROINES

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ROBERT BLAKE

OUR Happy Warrior ! of a race
To whom are richly given
Great glory and peeculiar grace
Because in league with Heaven.
Not that the mortal course they trod
Was free from briar and thorn—
Who wears the arrow-mark of God
Must first the wound have borne.

O like a sailor saint was he,
Our Sea-King ! grave and sweet
In temper after victory,
Or cheerful in defeat ;
And men would leave their quiet home
To follow in his wake,
And fight in fire, or float in foam,
For love of Robert Blake.

Like that drumhead of Ziska's skin
Thrills his heroic name.
And how the salt-sea sparkle in
Us flashes at his fame !
His picture in our heart's best books
Still keeps its pride of place,
From which a lofty spirit looks
With an unfading face ;

The face as of an angel, who
Might live his boyhood here ;

And yet how deadly grand it grew,
When Wrong drew darkening near !
All ridged, and ready trenched for war
The fair frank brow was bent ;
Then shone, like sudden scimitar,
The lion lineament.

Behold him, with his gallant band,
On leaguered Lyme's red beach !
Shoulder to shoulder, see them stand,
At Taunton in the breach !
Safe through the battle shocks he went
With sword-sweep stern and wide ;
Strode the grim heaps as Death had lent
Him his White Horse to ride.

“ Give in ! our toils you cannot break ;
The Lion is in the net !
Famine fights for us.” “ No,” said Blake,
“ My boots I have not ate.”
He smiled across the bitter cup ;
He gripped his good sword-heft ;
“ I should not dream of giving up
While such a meal is left.”

Where trumpets blow and streamers flow,
Behold him, calm and proud,
Bear down upon the bravest foe,
A bursting thunder-cloud.
Foremost of all the host that strove
To crowd Death's open door,
In giant mood his way he clove,
Aye first to go before.

And though the battle-lightning blazed,
The thunders roar and roll,
He to Immortal Beauty raised
A statue with his soul ;

And never did the Greeks of old
Mirror in marble rare
A wrestler of so fine a mould,
An athlete half so fair.

Homeward the dying Sea-King turns
From his last famous fight.
For England's dear green hills he yearns
At heart, and strains his sight.
The old cliffs loom out gray and grand.
The old war-ship glides on.
With one last wave life tries to land,
Falls seaward, and is gone.

With that last leap to touch the coast
He passed into his rest,
And Blake's unwearying arms were crossed
Upon his martial breast.
And while our England waits, and twines
For him her latest wreath,
His is a crown of stars that shines
From out the dusk of death.

For him no pleasant age of ease,
To wear what youth could win ;
For him no children round his knees,
To gather his harvest in.
But with a soul serene he takes
Whatever lot may come ;
And such a life of labour makes
A glorious going home.

Famous old Truheart, dead and gone !
Long shall his glory grow,
Who never turned his back upon
A friend, nor face from foe.
He made them fear old England's name
Wherever it was heard.

He put her proudest foes to shame,
And Peace smiled on his sword.

With lofty courage, loftier love,
He died for England's sake ;
And 'mid the loftiest lights above
Shines our illustrious Blake.
And shall shine ! Glory of the West
And beacon for the seas ;
While Britain bares its sailor breast
To battle or to breeze.

Great sailor on the seas of strife ;
Victor by land and wave ;
Brave liver of a gallant life ;
Lord of a glorious grave ;
True soldier set on earthly hill
As sentinel of heaven ;
A king who keeps his kingdom till
The last award be given.

Till she forget her old sea-fame
Shall England honour him,
And keep the grave-grass from his name
Till her old eyes be dim ;
And long as free waves folding round,
Brimful with blessing break,
At heart she holds him, calm and crowned,
Immortal Robert Blake.

GERALD MASSEY.

HERVÉ RIEL

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred
ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to
France !
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro'
the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of
sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the
Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor
in full chase ;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
Damfreville ;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all ;
And they signalled to the place
“ Help the winners of a race !
Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—
or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will ! ”

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt
on board ;
“ Why, what hope or chance have ships like
these to pass ? ” laughed they.
“ Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
searred and scored !
Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and
eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single
narrow way,

Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of
twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside ?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring ? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay ! ”

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate :
“ Here's the English at our heels ; would you have
them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern
and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound ?
Better run the ships aground ! ”
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
Not a minute more to wait !
“ Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on
the beach !
France must undergo her fate.

Give the word ! ” But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard ;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid
all these
—A Captain ? A Lieutenant ? A Mate—first,
second, third ?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete !
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville
for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisiekese.
And, “ What mockery or malice have we here ? ”
cries Hervé Riel.

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you
 cowards, fools, or rogues?
 Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the
 soundings, tell
 On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river
 disembogues?
 Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the
 lying's for?
 Morn and eve, night and day,
 Have I piloted your bay,
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse
 than fifty Hogues!
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe
 me there's a way!
 Only let me lead the line,
 Have the biggest ship to steer,
 Get this *Formidable* clear,
 Make the others follow mine,
 And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I
 know well,
 Right to Solidor past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
 And if one ship misbehave,
 —Keel so much as grate the ground,
 Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!"
 cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!
 Take the helm. Lead the line. Save the
 squadron!" cried its chief.
 "Captains, give the sailor place!
 He is Admiral, in brief."
 Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
 See the noble fellow's face,

As the big ship with a bound
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide
seas profound !

See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates
the ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief !
The peril, see, is past !
All are harboured to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor !" —sure as
fate

Up the English come, too late !

So, the storm subsides to calm :

They see the green trees wave

On the o'erlooking Grève.

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance,

As they cannonade away !

'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the
Rance !"

How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's
countenance !

Out burst all with one accord,

"This is Paradise for Hell !

Let France, let France's King

Thank the man that did the thing !"

What a shout, and all one word,

"Hervé Riel !"

As he stepped in front once more,

Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes :

Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, " My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips :
You have saved the King his ships ;
You must name your own reward.
'Faith our sun was near eclipse !
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have ! or my name's
not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue.
" Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisie Point, what is it
but a run ?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come ! A good whole holiday !
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the
Belle Aurore !"
That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost :
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisie keeps alive the feat as it befell ;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to
wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence
England bore the bell.
Go to Paris : rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank !

You shall look long enough ere you come to
Hervé Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse !

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife,
the Belle Aurore !

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BENBOW

COME all you sailors bold,

Lend an ear, lend an ear ;

Come all you sailors bold

Lend an ear !

'Tis of our Admiral's fame,

Brave Benbow called by name,

And of his captains' shame

You shall hear.

Brave Benbow he set sail

For to fight, for to fight ;

Brave Benbow he set sail

For to fight.

Brave Benbow he set sail,

With a fine and pleasant gale,

But his captains they turned tail

Ere the night.

Says Kirkby unto Wade,

" I shall run, I shall run " ;

Says Kirkby unto Wade,

" I shall run.

I value not disgrace,

Nor the losing of my place.

My foes I will not face

With a gun."

THIRD REALM

'Twas the *Ruby* and *Noah's Ark*
 Bore the stress, bore the stress ;
 'Twas the *Ruby* and *Noah's Ark*
 Bore the stress.
 The Frenchman at his call
 Had ten ships, great and small,
 And Benbow fought them all—
 Nothing less.

But as he turned in chase,
 Came a shot, came a shot ;
 But as he turned in chase,
 Came a shot—
 A chain-shot broke his legs
 “ Fight on, my boys,” he begs ;
 “ Though bitter be life's dregs,
 'Tis my lot.”

While the surgeon dressed his wounds,
 Thus he said, thus he said,
 While the surgeon dressed his wounds,
 Thus he said,
 “ Let my cradle now in haste
 On the quarter-deck be placed,
 That the Frenchmen may be faced
 Till I'm dead.”

And there bold Benbow lay
 Crying out, crying out ;
 And there bold Benbow lay
 Crying out,
 “ O let me taek onec more—
 I'll fling them on the shore ;
 Or put them, as of yore,
 All to rout.”

OLD BALLAD.

HAWKE

IN seventeen hundred and fifty-nine,
When Hawke came swooping from the West,
The French King's Admiral with twenty of the line,
Was sailing forth, to sack us, out of Brest.
The ports of France were crowded, the quays of
France a-hum
With thirty thousand soldiers marching to the drum,
For bragging time was over and fighting time was
come
When Hawke came swooping from the West.

'Twas long past noon of a wild November day
When Hawke came swooping from the West ;
He heard the breakers thundering in Quiberon Bay
But he flew the flag for battle, line abreast.
Down upon the quicksands roaring out of sight
Fiercely beat the storm-wind, darkly fell the night,
But they took the foe for pilot and the cannon's
glare for light
When Hawke came swooping from the West.

The Frenchmen turned like a covey down the wind
When Hawke came swooping from the West ;
One he sank with all hands, one he caught and
pinned,
And the shallows and the storm took the rest.
The guns that should have conquered us they rusted
on the shore,
The men that would have mastered us they drummed
and marched no more,
For England was England, and a mighty brood
she bore
When Hawke came swooping from the West.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know we French stormed Ratisbon.

A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoléon
Stood on our storming-day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused " My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself creet
By just his horse's mane, a boy.
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

" Well, ' cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon !
The Marshal's in the market-place
And you'll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him ! " The Chief's eye flashed. His
plans
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed ; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes :
" You're wounded ! " " Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said,
" I'm killed, Sire ! " And his Chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE FIGHTING *TÉMÉRAIRE*

It was eight bells ringing,
For the morning watch was done,
And the gunner's lads were singing,
As they polished every gun.
It was eight bells ringing,
And the gunner's lads were singing,
For the ship she rode a-swinging
As they polished every gun.

*Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
Oh ! to hear the round shot biting,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,
And to hear the round shot biting,
For we're all in love with fighting
On the Fighting Téméraire.*

It was noontide ringing,
 And the battle just begun,
 When the ship her way was winging,
 As they loaded every gun.
 It was noontide ringing
 When the ship her way was winging,
 And the gunner's lads were singing
 As they loaded every gun.

*There'll be many grim and gory,
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !
 There'll be few to tell the story,
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !
 There'll be many grim and gory,
 There'll be few to tell the story,
 But we'll all be one in glory
 With the Fighting Téméraire.*

There's a far bell ringing,
 At the setting of the sun,
 And a phantom voice is singing
 Of the great days done.
 There's a far bell ringing,
 And a phantom voice is singing
 Of renown for ever clinging
 To the great days done.

*Now the sunset breezes shiver,
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !
 And she's fading down the river,
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !
 Now the sunset breezes shiver,
 And she's fading down the river,
 But in England's song for ever
 She's the Fighting Téméraire.*

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE LOSS OF THE *BIRKENHEAD*

RIGHT on our flank the sun was dropping down ;
The deep sea heaved around in bright repose ;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured
town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock ;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when thro' them
passed
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
In danger's hour before the rush of steel,
Drifted away, disorderly, the planks
From underneath her keel.

So calm the air—so calm and still the flood,
That low down in its blue translucent glass
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey !
The sea turned one clear smile ! Like things
asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
Form'd us in line to die.

To die !—'Twas hard, while the sleek ocean glow'd
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers—
“ *All to the boats !* ” cried one. He was, thank God,
No officer of ours.

Our English hearts beat true—we would not stir ;
That base appeal we heard, but heeded not ;
On land, on sea, we had our Colours, sir,
To keep without a spot.

They shall not say in England that we fought,
With shameful strength, unhonour'd life to seek ;
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again ;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still, under steadfast men.

—What follows, why recall ?—The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf.
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide
As others under turf.

They sleep as well ! and, roused from their wild
grave,
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones, not in vain.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

SANTA FILOMENA

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

THIRD REALM

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A BALLAD OF JOHN NICHOLSON

It fell in the year of Mutiny,
At darkest of the night,
John Nicholson by Jalándhar came,
On his way to Delhi fight.

And as he by Jalándhar came
He thought what he must do,
And he sent to the Rajah fair greeting,
To try if he were true.

“God grant your Highness length of days,
And friends when need shall be ;
And I pray you send your Captains hither,
That they may speak with me.”

On the morrow through Jalándhar town
The Captains rode in state ;
They came to the house of John Nicholson
And stood before the gate.

The chief of them was Mehtab Singh,
He was both proud and sly ;
His turban gleamed with rubies red,
He held his chin full high.

He marked his fellows how they put
Their shoes from off their feet ;
“ Now wherefore make ye such ado
These fallen lords to greet ?

They have ruled us for a hundred years,
In truth I know not how,
But though they be fain of mastery
They dare not claim it now.”

Right haughtily before them all
The durbar hall he trod,
With rubies red his turban gleamed,
His feet with pride were shod.

They had not been an hour together,
A scanty hour or so,
When Mehtab Singh rose in his place
And turned about to go.

Then swiftly came John Nicholson
Between the door and him,
With anger smouldering in his eyes
That made the rubies dim.

“ You are over-hasty, Mehtab Singh,”—
Oh, but his voice was low !
He held his wrath with a curb of iron,
That furrowed check and brow.

“ You are over-hasty, Mehtab Singh,
When that the rest are gone,
I have a word that may not wait
To speak with you alone.”

The Captains passed in silence forth
And stood the door behind ;
To go before the game was played
Be sure they had no mind.

But there within John Nicholson
Turned him on Mehtab Singh,
“ So long as the soul is in my body
You shall not do this thing.

Have ye served us for a hundred years
And yet ye know not why ?
We brook no doubt of our mastery,
We rule until we die.

Were I the one last Englishman
Drawing the breath of life,
And you the master-rebel of all
That stir this land to strife—

Were I,” he said, “ but a Corporal,
And you a Rajput King,
So long as the soul was in my body
You should not do this thing.

Take off, take off those shoes of pride,
Carry them whence they came ;
Your Captains saw your insolence,
And they shall see your shame.”

When Mehtab Singh came to the door
His shoes they burned his hand ;
For there in long and silent lines
He saw the Captains stand.

When Mehtab Singh rode from the gate
His chin was on his breast :
The Captains said, " When the strong command
Obedience is best."

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN CHINA

LAST night among his fellow-roughs,
He jested, quaff'd, and swore ;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never look'd before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewilder'd, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay ! tear his body limb from limb !
Bring cord, or axe, or flame !
He only knows, that not through *him*
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hopfields round him seem'd,
Like dreams, to come and go ;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow ;
The smoke, above his father's door,
In gray soft eddyings hung—
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doom'd by himself, so young ?

Yes, Honour calls !—With strength like steel
He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;
An English lad must die !
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;
Vain those all-shattering guns ;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons !
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

REALM 4

SONGS

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SONG

PASTIME with good company
I love and shall until I die ;
Grudge who lust but none deny
So God be pleased this life will I.

CHORUS.—*For my pastanee,
Hunt, sing, and dance
My heart is set.
All goodly sport
For my comfort !
Who shall me let ?*

Youth must needs have dalliance,
Of good or ill some pastanee.
Company methinks then best,
All thoughts and fancies to digest.

CHORUS.—*For idleness
Is chief mistress
Of vices all.
Then who can say
But mirth and play
Is best of all ?*

Company with honesty,
Is virtue, and vice to flee.

Company is good or ill,
But every man hath his free will.

CHORUS.—*The best ensue,
The worst eschew,
My mind shall be,
Virtue to use,
Vice to refuse,
I shall use me.*

KING HENRY VIII.

SONG

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

INCANTATION

FIRST WITCH. Round about the cauldron go !
In the poison'd entrails throw !
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmêd pot !

ALL. *Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire, burn and, cauldron, bubble !*

SECOND WITCH. Fillet of a fenny snake
In the cauldron boil and bake !
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble !

ALL. *Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire, burn and, cauldron, bubble !*

THIRD WITCH. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips . . .
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron !

ALL. *Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire, burn and, cauldron, bubble !*

SECOND WITCH. Cool it with a baboon's blood !
Then the charm is firm and good !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SPRING SONG OF KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS

Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May ;
Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away !
Blow through the living world—" Let the King
reign ! "

Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's realm ?
Flash brand and lance, fall battleaxe upon helm,
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand ! Let the King
reign !

Strike for the King and live ! His knights have
heard
That God hath told the King a secret word.
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand ! Let the King
reign.

Blow trumpet ! he will lift us from the dust.
Blow trumpet ! live the strength and die the lust !
Clang battleaxe, and clash brand ! Let the King
reign.

Strike for the King and die ! and if thou diest,
The King is King, and ever wills the highest.
Clang battleaxe, and clash brand ! Let the King
reign.

Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May !
 Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by day !
 Clang battleaxe, and clash brand ! Let the King
 reign.

The King will follow Christ, and we the King
 In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.
 Fall battleaxe, and flash brand ! Let the King
 reign.

LORD TENNYSON.

CAVALIER SONG

I

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,
 Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing ;
 And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
 And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
 Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

II

God for King Charles ! Pym and such earles
 To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous
 parles !
 Cavaliers, up ! Lips from the cup,
 Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
 Till you're—

CHORUS.—*Marching along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song.*

III

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell !
 Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well !

England, good cheer ! Rupert is near !
 Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here

CHORUS.—*Marching along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song?*

IV

Then, God for King Charles ! Pym and his snarls
 To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles !
 Hold by the right, you double your might ;
 So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

CHORUS.—*March we along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!*

ROBERT BROWNING.

A LOYAL SONG

God save great George our King !
 Long live our noble King !

God save the King !
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us !
 God save the King !

O Lord, our God, arise,
 Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall !
 Confound their politics !
 Frustrate their knavish tricks !
 On Thee our hopes we fix—
 God save us all !

Thy choicest gifts in store
 On George be pleased to pour !
 Long may he reign !

May he defend our laws
And ever give us cause
With heart and voice to sing
God save the King !¹

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter ;
We therefore deemed it meet
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition ;
We met an host and quelled it ;
We forced a strong position
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us ;
We met them and o'erthrew them.
They struggled hard to beat us ;
But we conquered them and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us.
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.

¹ From *Thesaurus Musicus*, Second Edition, 1745. In the first edition of 1740, which in other respects differed widely from the form used to-day, the poem began "God save our Lord the King"—a line which was substituted for the version given above at a date certainly not later than the accession of William IV. A minor alteration in the second line of verse three was adopted at the same time ; and the first line was once more entirely remodelled at the accession of Queen Victoria.

He fled to his hall-pillars ;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in.
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen—
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them.
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us ;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow our chorus.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
sea,

When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath
blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the
blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever
grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his
pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the
sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

LORD BYRON.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

SOME talk of Alexander, and some of Hereules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as
these.
But of all the world's great heroes, there's none
that can compare
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British
Grenadier !

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes
withal ;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all
their fears.
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British
Grenadiers !

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses and we with hand
grenades.
We throw them from the glacis about the enemies'
cars—
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, the British
Grenadiers !

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair.
The townsmen cry, " Hurrah, boys, here comes a
Grenadier !
Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no
doubts or fears ! "
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, the British
Grenadiers !

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loupêd
clothes !
May they and their commanders live happy all
their years
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British
Grenadiers !

ANONYMOUS.

SPANISH LADIES

FAREWELL and adieu to you fine Spanish Ladies,
 Farewell and adieu all you Ladies of Spain,
 For we've received orders to sail to old England
 And perhaps we shall never more see you again.

CHORUS.—*We'll rant and we'll roar like true British
 sailors,
 We'll range and we'll roam over all the
 salt seas,
 Until we strike soundings in the Channel
 of Old England—
 From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five
 leagues.*

We hove our ship to when the wind was sou'-west,
 boys,
 We hove our ship to for to strike soundings clear,
 Then we filled our main tops'l and bore right away,
 boys,
 And right up the Channel our course we did steer.

The first land we made it is known as the Deadman,
 Next Ram Head near Plymouth, Start, Portland,
 and Wight.
 We sailèd past Beachy, past Fairley, and Dunge-
 ness,
 And then bore away for the South Foreland Light.

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to
 anchor
 All, all in the Downs that night for to meet.
 So stand by your stoppers ! See clear your shank-
 painters !
 Haul all your clue-garnets ! Stick out tacks and
 sheets !

Now let every man toss off a full bumper,
Now let every man toss off a full bowl ;
For we will be jolly and drown melancholy
In a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul !

CHORUS.—*We'll rant and we'll roar like true British
sailors,*

*We'll range and we'll roam over all the
salt seas,*

*Until we strike soundings in the Channel
of Old England—*

*From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five
leagues.*

OLD SONG.

A SONG OF THE SEA

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast—
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

“ O for a soft and gentle wind ! ”
I heard a fair one cry.
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high—
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free.
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornêd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud ;
 But hark the musie, mariners !
 The wind is piping loud—
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free ;
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And auld lang syne ?

CHORUS.—*For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.*

We twa hae run about the braes
 And pu'd the gowans fine.
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn
 From morning sun till dine.
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine,
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS.—*For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.*

ROBERT BURNS.



REALM 5

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TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

WELCOME, wild North-easter !
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr ;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter,
O'er the German foam,
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home !
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air ;
Tired of listless dreaming
Through the lazy day.
Jovial wind of winter
Turn us out to play !
Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
Crisp the lazy dyke ;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike ;
Fill the lake with wild-fowl ;
Fill the marsh with snipe ;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,

Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.
Hark ! The brave North-easter !
Breast-high lies the scent :
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent !
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.
Who can over-ride you ?
Let the horses go !
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast ;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go ! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen ?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-wester ?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas.
But the black North-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.

Come ; and strong within us
 Stir the Vikings' blood ;
 Bracing brain and sinew ;
 Blow, thou wind of God !

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

TO BRITANNIA

*WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of her land,
 And guardian angels sang the strain.*

THE CHARTER

The nations not so blest as thee
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free—
 The dread and envy of them all !

STRAIN.—Rule, Britannia, rule the waves !
 Britons never shall be slaves !

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blast which tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, rule the waves !
 Britons never shall be slaves !

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame.
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 And work their woe and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, rule the waves !
 Britons never shall be slaves !

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.

Rule, Britannia, rule the waves !
Britons never shall be slaves !

The Muses (still with Freedom found)
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, Britannia, rule the waves !
Britons never shall be slaves !

JAMES THOMSON.

TO THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

YE Mariners of England
That guard our native seas !
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe ;
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow !
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow !

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave ;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow !

While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow !

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow !
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow !

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrifie burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow !
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TO THE SHADE OF NELSON AT WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL

*“ Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with
priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ? ”*

Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.

Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes.
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea ;
His foes were thine. He kept us free.
O give him welcome ! This is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee.
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun.
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won ;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean vines ;
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms
And England, pouring on her foes !
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings—
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown

On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down.
A day of onsets of despair !
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foamed themselves away.
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew !
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !

Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

LORD TENNYSON.

TO SHAKESPEARE

Soul of the Age !
The applause, delight, and wonder, of our Stage !
My Shakespeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser ; or bid Beaumont lie

A little further, to make thee a room.
Thou art a Monument, without a tomb ;
And art alive still, while thy Book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses—
I mean, with great, but disproportion'd, Muses.
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee, surely, with thy peers
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.

And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence, to honour thee, I would not seek
For names ; but call forth thund'ring Aeschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Aecius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a Stage ; or when thy sock was on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece and haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

Triumph, my Britain ! Thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an Age, but for all Time !
And all the Muses still were in their prime
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.

Nature herself was proud of his designs
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines ;
Which were so richly spun and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of *Nature's* family.

Yet must I not give *Nature* all. Thy *Art*,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the Poet's matter *Nature* be,
His *Art* doth give the fashion. And that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are !) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil ; turn the same
(And himself with it !) that he thinks to frame—
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn !

For a good Poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou ! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue. Even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly
shines
In his well-turnêd and true-fillêd lines ;
In each of which, he seems to Shake a Lance,
As brandished at the eyes of Ignorance.

Sweet Swan of Avon ! What a sight it were,
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James !

But, stay ! I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a Constellation there !
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping Stage !
Which since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd
like night
And despairs day, but for thy Volume's light.

BEN JONSON.

TO A MUMMY

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And Time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous !

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy !

Thou hast a tongue ; come, let us hear its tune !
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground,
mummy

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon !
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs, and
features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—

To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect

Of either Pyramid that bears his name ?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?

Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden

By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say, what secret melody was hidden

In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,

Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,

Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass.

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled ;
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green ;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent, incommunicative elf !
Art sworn to secrecy ? Then keep thy vows !
But prithee tell us something of thyself ;
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house !
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures
numbered ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange
mutations ;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyzes,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering
tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis ;

And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold ;
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled ;
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that
face ?
What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh ! Immortal of the dead !
Imperishable type of evanescence !
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its
warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
Oh ! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

HORACE SMITH.

TO THE OCEAN

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
Man marks the earth with ruin. His control
Stops with the shore. Upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed ; nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths. Thy fields
Are not a spoil for him. Thou dost arise
And shake him from thee. The vile strength he
wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies;
And send'st him, quivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay;
And dashest him again to earth. There let him lay !

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals—
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save
thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters wash'd them power while they were
free
And many a tyrant since. Their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage. Their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts. Not so thou !
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow.
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm,
Ieing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime ;
The image of eternity ; the throne
Of the Invisible. Even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made. Each zone
Obeys thee. Thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
alone !

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward. From a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers. They to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear.
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

LORD BYRON.

ENGLAND TO THE SEA

HEARKEN, O Mother, hearken to thy daughter !
Fain would I tell thee what men tell to me,
Saying that henceforth no more on any water
Shall I be first or great or loved or free,

But that these others—so the tale is spoken—
Who have not known thee all these centuries
By fire and sword shall yet turn England broken
Back from thy breast and beaten from thy seas,

Me—whom thou barest where thy waves should
guard me,

Me—whom thou suckled'st on thy milk of foam,

Me—whom thy kisses shaped what while they
marred me,

To whom thy storms are sweet and ring of home.

“Behold,” they cry, “she is grown soft and
strengthless,

All her proud memories changed to fear and fret.”

Say, thou, who hast watched through ages that are
lengthless,

Whom have I feared, and when did I forget ?

What sons of mine have shunned thy whorls and
races ?

Have I not reared for thee time and again

And bid go forth to share thy fierce embraces

Sea-ducks, sea-wolves, sea-rovers, and sea-men?

Names that thou knowest—great hearts that thou
holdest,

Rocking them, rocking them in an endless wake—

Captains the world can match not with its boldest,

Hawke, Howard, Grenville, Frobisher, Drake ?

Nelson—the bravest of them all—the master

Who swept across thee like a shooting star,

And, while the Earth stood veiled before disaster,

Caught Death and slew him—there—at Trafalgar ?

Mother, they knew me then as thou didst know me ;

Then I cried, Peace, and every flag was furled :

But I am old, it seems, and they would show me

That never more my peace shall bind the world.

Wherefore, O Sea, I, standing thus before thee,
Stretch forth my hands unto thy surge and say :
“ When they come forth who seek this empire o’er
thee,
And I go forth to meet them—on that day

God grant to us the old Armada weather,
The winds that rip, the heavens that stoop and
lour—
Not till the Sea and England sink together,
Shall they be masters ! Let them boast that
hour ! ”

R. E. VERNÈDE.

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A PLEA FOR PEACE

THE towers of Heaven are filled
With armêd watch that render all access
Impregnable. Oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest insurrection to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great Enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpoluted, and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair. We must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us. That must be our cure—
To be no more.

Sad cure ! For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night
Devoid of sense and motion ? And who knows
(Let this be good) whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever ? How he can
Is doubtful. That he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire

(Belike through impotence or unaware)
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless ?

“ Wherefore cease we, then ? ”
Say they who counsel war. “ We are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe.
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse ? ” Is this then worst—
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms ?
What when we fled amain, pursued and strook
With Heaven’s afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us ? This Hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake ? That, sure, was
worse.

What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames ? Or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us ? What if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads ; while we, perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurled,
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapped in chains ;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end ! This would be worse.

War therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades.

JOHN MILTON.

WORDS OF THE FIRST CREATED MAN

NEW-WAK'D from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the Sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward Heaven my wondering eyes I
turned,

And gazed a while the ample sky, till, raised
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams ; by these,
Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or
flew,

Birds on the branches warbling. All things smiled.
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflowed.

Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led ;
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake.
My tongue obeyed, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. "Thou Sun," said I, "fair light,
And thou enlightened Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here !
Not of myself ; by some great Maker, then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent.
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore
From whom I have that thus I move and live
And feel that I am happier than I know !"

While thus I called, and strayed I knew not
whither,

From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none returned,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down. There gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My drowsêd sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve :
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently moved
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And lived. One came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, “ Thy mansion wants thee, Adam. Rise,
First Man, of men innumerable ordained
First father ! Called by thee, I come thy guide
To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.”
So saying, by the hand he took me, raised,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step ; last led me up
A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, enclosed, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks and bowers, that what I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seemed. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to the eye
Tempting, stirred in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat. Whereat I waked, and found
Before mine eyes all rêal, as the dream
Had lively shadow’d.

JOHN MILTON.

PROMETHEUS, IMPRISONED AND
IMPENITENT

THREE thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours
And moments, aye divided by keen pangs
Till they seem years,—torture—and solitude—
Scorn—and despair! These are mine empire—
More glorious far than that which thou surveyest
From thine unenvied throne, O mighty god—
All mighty, had I deigned to share the shame
Of thine ill tyranny, and hung not here
Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain,
Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured, without herb
Insect or beast or shape or sound of life!

Ah me! Alas! Pain! Pain ever! For ever!

No change! No pause! No hope! Yet I
endure. . . .

I ask the Earth—have not the mountains felt?
I ask yon Heav'n—the all-beholding sun
Has it not seen? The Sea in storm or calm
Heav'n's ever-changing shadow spread below,
Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?

Ah me! Alas! Pain! Pain ever! For ever!

The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
Of their moon-freezing crystals. The bright chains
Eat with their burning cold into my bones.
Heav'n's wingêd hound, polluting from thy lips
His beak in poison not his own, tears up
My heart. And shapeless sights come wandering
by—

The ghastly people of the realm of dream
Mocking me. And the earthquake-fiends are
charged

To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds
When the rocks split and close again behind.
While, from the loud abysses howling, throng
The genii of the storm, urging the rage
Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail.

And yet to me welcome is day and night,
Whether one breaks the hoar-frost of the morn
Or starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs
The leaden-coloured east. For then they lead
The wingless crawling hours, one among whom
(As some dark priest hales the reluctant victim)
Shall drag thee, cruel King, to kiss the blood
From these pale feet, which then might trample
thee

If they disdained not such a prostrate slave !

Disdain ! Ah no ! I pity thee. What ruin
Will hunt thee undefended through wide Heaven !
How will thy soul, cloven to its depth with terror,
Gape like a hell within !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me
your ears !

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones.
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
(For Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all, all honourable men)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me.
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause.
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him ?
O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me.
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in
his sayings.

Second Cit. If thou consider rightly of the
matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters ?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words ? He would
not take the crown ;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear
abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire
with weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world. Now lies he there ; And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage— I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong, Who, you all know, are honourable men.

I will not do them wrong. I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you, Than I will wrong such honourable men. But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar. I found it in his closet. 'Tis his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament— Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read— And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds And dip their napkins in his sacred blood, Yea, beg a hair of him for memory And, dying, mention it within their wills, Bequeathing it as a rich legacy Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will ! Read it, Mark Antony !

All. The will, the will ! We will hear Cæsar's will !

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends ! I must not read it.

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you. You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ; And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar, It will inflame you, it will make you mad. 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ; For, if you should, O, what would come of it !

Fourth Cit. Read the will ! We'll hear it, Antony !

You shall read us the will ! Cæsar's will !

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar. I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors! Honourable men!

All. The will! The testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers! The will! Read the will!

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will? Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar And let me show you him that made the will. Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Several Cit. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

[ANTONY comes down.]

Fourth Cit. A ring! Stand round!

First Cit. Stand from the hearse. Stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me. Stand far off.

Several Cit. Stand back! Room! Bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle. I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on.

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.

See what a rent the envious Casca made.

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no—

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty
heart ;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle !

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar !

Third Cit. O woful day !

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains !

First Cit. O most bloody sight !

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge ! About ! Seek ! Burn ! Fire ! Kill !
Slay !

Let not a traitor live !

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there ! Hear the noble Antony !

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him. We'll follow him.
We'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable.

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it. They are wise and honour-
able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood. I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then ! Come, seek the con-
spirators !

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ! yet hear me
speak.

All. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony ! Most noble
Antony !

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not
what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?
Alas, you know not. I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will ! Let's stay and hear
the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar ! We'll revenge his
death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber. He hath left them you
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away !
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses !
Take up the body !

Sec. Cit. Go, fetch fire !

Third Cit. Pluck down benches !

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows,
anything ! [*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SERMON

A REBUKE TO THE IMPATIENT AND DISCONTENTED

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the "Book
of Fate"

(All but the page prescribed—their present
state)

From brutes what men, from men what spirits
know.

Or, who could suffer Being here below ?

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day—

(Had he thy reason) would he skip and play ?

Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food

And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

O blindness to the Future ! kindly given

That each may fill the circle marked by Heav'n—

Who sees with equal eye (as God of all)
 A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
 And now a bubble burst and now a world.

Hope humbly then ! With trembling pinions
 soar !

Wait the great teacher Death ! And God adore !
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know—
 But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
 Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest !
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
 Sees God in clouds or hears him in the wind !
 His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk or Milky Way.
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n
 Behind the cloud-topp'd hill an humbler heav'n—
 Some safer world in depths of woods embraced,
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where—slaves once more their native land behold—
 No fiends torment—no Christians thirst for gold !
 “ To be ” contents his natural desire.
 He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire ;
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go ! *wiser thou*, and in thy scale of sense
 Weigh *thy* opinion against Providence !
 Call “ imperfection ” what thou fanciest such !
 Say, “ Here he gives too little ! ” “ There too
 much ! ”

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust !
 Yet cry (if *man's* unhappy) “ God's unjust ! ”
 If man alone engross not Heav'n's high care
 (Alone made perfect here, immortal there)
 Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod !
 Rejudge His justice ! Be the God of God !—

In Pride, in reasoning Pride, our error lies.
 All quit their sphere and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes.
 Men would be Angels. Angels would be Gods.
 Aspiring to be Gods if Angels fell,
 Aspiring to be Angels men rebel !
 And who but *wishes* to invert the laws
 Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE SPELL AND HAZARD OF MILITARY RENOWN

THE festal blazes, the triumphal show,
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd.
 For such the steady Romans shook the world.
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine.
 This pow'r has praise—that virtue scarce can
 warm
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.

Yet Reason frowns on war's unequal game,
 Where wasted nations raise a single name,
 And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths
 regret,
 From age to age in everlasting debt—
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
 To rust on medals or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide !
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire.

O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain—
 Uneconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain !
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield.
 War sounds the trump. He rushes to the field.
 Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine—
 And one capitulate, and one resign !

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms .
 in vain.

“Think nothing gain'd,” he cries, “till naught
 remain,

On Moseow's walls till Gothie standards fly
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky.”

The march begins in military state,

And nations on his eye suspended wait.

Stern Famine guards the solitary coast ;

And Winter barricades the realms of Frost.

He comes ! Nor want, nor cold, his course delay—

.

Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day !

.

The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands
 And shows his miseries in distant lands—
 Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait
 While ladies interpose and slaves debate.

But did not Chance at length her error mend ?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?

His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand.
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE OLD NAVY

THE captain stood on the carronade, "First lieutenant," says he,

"Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me.

I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred to the sea.

That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,

I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the victory!

That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,

'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we*.

I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys. So each man to his gun.

If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.

For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,

I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory!"

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough;

"I little thought," said he, "that your men were of such stuff."

Our captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to *he*;

"I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I wish to be.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've
 been to sea,
 I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained
 the victory ! ”

Our captain sent for all of us, “ My merry men,”
 said he,
 “ I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet
 I thankful be.
 You've done your duty handsomely. Each man
 stood to his gun.
 If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have
 flogged each mother's son.
 For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm
 at sea,
 I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the
 victory ! ”

FREDERICK MARRYAT.

THE PILOT THAT WEATHERED THE STORM

If hushed the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,
 The sky if no longer dark tempests deform,
 When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep ?
 No—here's to the pilot that weathered the
 storm !

At the footstool of Power let Flattery fawn ;
 Let faction her idols extol to the skies ;
 To virtue in humble retirement withdrawn,
 Unblamed may the accents of gratitude rise !

And shall not *his* memory to Britain be dear
 Whose example with envy all nations behold ?
 A statesman unbiassed by interest or fear,
 By power uncorrupted, untainted by gold !

Who, when terror and doubt through the universe
 reigned,
 While rapine and treason their standards unfurled,
The hearts and the hopes of his country maintained,
 And one kingdom preserved 'midst the wreck of
 the world !

Unheeding, unthankful, we bask in the blaze,
 While the beams of the sun in full majesty shine.
When he sinks into twilight with fondness we gaze,
 And mark the mild lustre that gilds his decline.

So, Pitt, when the course of thy greatness is o'er,
 Thy talents, thy virtues, we fondly recall ;
Now justly we prize thee, when lost we deplore ;
 Admired in thy zenith, but loved in thy fall.

O ! take then—for dangers by wisdom repelled,
 For evil by courage and constancy braved—
O ! take, for a throne by thy counsels upheld,
 The thanks of a people thy firmness has saved !

And O ! if again the rude whirlwind should rise,
 The dawnings of peace should fresh darkness
 deform,
The regrets of the good and the fears of the wise
 Shall turn to the pilot that weathered the storm.

GEORGE CANNING.

TRAFALGAR DAY

SEA, that art ours as we are thine, whose name
Is one with England's even as light with flame,
 Dost thou as we, thy chosen of all men, know
This day of days when death gave life to fame ?

Dost thou not kindle above and thrill below
With rapturous record, with memorial glow,
Remembering this thy festal day of fight,
And all the joy it gave, and all the woe ?

Never since day broke flowerlike forth of night
Broke such a dawn of battle. Death in sight
Made of the man whose life was like the sun
A man more godlike than the lord of light.

There is none like him, and there shall be none.
When England bears again as great a son,
He can but follow fame where Nelson led.
There is not and there cannot be but one.

As earth has but one England, crown and head
Of all her glories till the sun be dead,
Supreme in peace and war, supreme in song,
Supreme in freedom, since her rede was read,

Since first the soul that gave her speech grew strong
To help the right and heal the wild world's wrong,
So she hath but one royal Nelson, born
To reign on time above the years that throng.

The music of his name puts fear to scorn,
And thrills our twilight through with sense of morn :
As England was, how should not England be ?
No tempest yet has left her banner torn.

No year has yet put out the day when he
Who lived and died to keep our kingship free
Wherever seas by warring winds are worn
Died, and was one with England and the sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

REALM 7

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IVRY

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts from whom all
glories are !
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of
Navarre !
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of
dance
Through thy cornfields green and sunny vines,
O pleasant land of France !
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of
the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning
daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our
joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought
thy walls annoy.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the
chance of war ;
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry and Henry of Navarre.

Oh ! how our hearts were beating when, at the
dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long
array ;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel
peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's
Flemish spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses
of our land ;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in
his hand.
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's
empurpled flood
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his
blood.
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the
fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name and Henry of
Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour
drest ;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his
gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his
eye ;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was
stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from
wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, " God save
our lord the King ! "
" And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well
he may,
(For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray)
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst
the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of
Navarre."

Hurrah ! The foes are moving ! Hark to the
mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trumpet, and drum, and
roaring culverin.

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's
plain
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and
Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of
France,
Charge for the golden lilies ! Upon them with the
lance !
A thousand spurs are striking deep ; a thousand
spears in rest.
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the
snow-white crest.
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like
a guiding-star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of
Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours ! Mayenne
hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish
Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a
Biscay gale.
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds and flags
and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance and, all along
our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from
man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is
my foe.
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your
brethren go."
Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship
or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of
Navarre !

Right well fought all the Frenchemen who fought
for France to-day ;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight ;
And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet
white.

Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of
false Lorraine.

Up with it high ! Unfurl it wide ! that all the host
may know

How God hath humbled the proud house which
wrought His church such woe !

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their
loudest points of war,

Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of
Navarre !

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ! Ho ! matrons of
Lucerne !

Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who
never shall return.

Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor
spearmen's souls !

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your
arms be bright !

Ho ! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and
ward to-night !

For our God hath crushed the tyrant ; our God
hath raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour
of the brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all
glories are ;

And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of
Navarre !

LORD MACAULAY

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

*By Obadiah Bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-
with-links-of-iron, sergeant in Ireton's Regiment.*

OH, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the
north

With your hands, and your feet, and your
raiment all red ?

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous
shout ?

And whence be the grapes of the wine-press
which ye tread ?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that
we trod ;

For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and
the strong,

Who sat in the high places, and slew the saints
of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June
That we saw their banners dance and their
cuirasses shine ;

And the Man of Blood was there, with his long,
essencêd hair,

And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of
the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his
sword,

The General rode along us to form us to the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled
into a shout

Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's
right.

And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore
The cry of battle rises along their charging line !
“ For God ! For the Cause ! For the Church ! For
the Laws !
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of
the Rhine ! ”

The furious German comes, with his clarions and
his drums,
His bravoës of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall.
They are bursting on our flanks ! Grasp your
pikes ! Close your ranks !
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here ! They rush on ! We are broken !
We are gone !
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the
blast.
O Lord, put forth Thy might ! O Lord, defend the
right !
Stand back to back in God’s name, and fight it
to the last !

Stout Skippon hath a wound. The centre hath
given ground.
Hark ! hark ! What means the trampling of
horsemen on our rear ?
Whose banner do I see, boys ? ’Tis he, thank God,
’tis he, boys !
Bear up another minute ! Brave Oliver is here !

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on
the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the
Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his
pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to
hide

Their coward heads, predestined to rot on
Temple Bar.

And he—he turns, he flies ! Shame on those cruel
eyes

That bore to look on torture, and dare not look
on war !

Ho ! comrades, scour the plain ; and, ere ye strip
the slain,

First give another stab to make your search
secure !

Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-
pieces and loekets,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the
poor !

Fools ! your doublets shone with gold, and your
hearts were gay and bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans
to-day ;

And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chamber
in the rocks,

Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the
prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven
and hell and fate,

And the fingers that once—were so busy with
your blades,

Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and
your oaths,

Your stage plays and your sonnets, your diamonds
and your spades ?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the
crown,
With the Belial of the Court and the Mammon
of the Pope !
There is woe in Oxford halls. There is wail in
Durham's stalls.
The Jesuit smites his bosom. The bishop rends
his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's
ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of
England's sword ;
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when
they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the
Houses and the Word.

LORD MACAULAY.

KILLIECRANKIE

ON the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay.
Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way ;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent ;
And the Pass was wrapt in gloom ;
When the clansmen rose together
From their lair amidst the broom.
Then we belted on our tartans,
And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges,
And we proved them to be true,
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
And we cried the gathering-ery,

And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
And we swore to do or die !
Then our leader rode before us
On his war-horse black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Knew that charger in the fight !—
And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose ;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence—
“ Soldiers ! I have sworn a vow.
Ere the evening star shall glisten
On Schiehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness
For his country and King James.
Think upon the Royal Martyr !
Think of what his race endure !
Think of him whom butchers murdered
On the field of Magus Muir—
By his sacred blood I charge ye,
By the ruined hearth and shrine,
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
By your injuries and mine,
Strike this day as if the anvil
Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they covenanting traitors
Or the brood of false Argyle !
Strike ! and drive the trembling rebels
Backward o'er the stormy Forth ;
Let them tell their pale Convention
How they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honour
Is not to be bought nor sold,
That we scorn their prince's anger
As we loathe his foreign gold.

Strike ! and when the fight is over,
If ye look in vain for me.
Where the dead are lying thickest
Search for him that was Dundee ! ”

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
With our answer to his call ;
But a deeper echo sounded
In the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane
Not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle.
Burning eye and flushing cheek
Told the clansmen’s fierce emotion,
And they harder drew their breath ;
For their souls were strong within them,
Stronger than the grasp of death.
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
Sounding in the Pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe.
Down we crouched amid the bracken
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie’s foot and Leven’s troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum.
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O’er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gained the plain beneath.
Then we bounded from our covert—
Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armêd men !

Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald,
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel !
Vainly sped the withering volley
'Mongst the foremost of our band—
On we poured until we met them,
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down like drift-wood
When the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us—
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done !

And the evening star was shining
On Schiehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords
And returned to count the dead.
There we found him gashed and gory,
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him—
In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer.
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
Passed the spirit of the Græme !

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTON.

BLLENHEIM

BEHOLD in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way !
Death (in approaching terrible) imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts.
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control.
Heat of revenge and noble pride of soul
O'erlook the foe (advantag'd by his post).
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.
Though fens and floods possessed the middle
space
That unprovok'd they would have feared to
pass,
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their border stands.

But O ! my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd !
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was
proved,
That (in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd)
Amidst confusion, horror and despair
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war ;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.

So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land

(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past)
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast ;
And pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

HOHENLINDEN

ON Linden when the sun was low
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hill, with thunder riven ;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven ;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stain'd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave !
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet :
The snow shall be their winding-sheet :
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WATERLOO

THERE was a sound of revelry by night
And Belgium's Capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry. And bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily. And when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell—
But hush ! Hark ! A deep sound strikes like a
rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No—'Twas but the wind
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance ! Let joy be unconfined !
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer—clearer—deadlier than before !
Arm ! Arm ! It is—it is—the cannon's opening
roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain. He did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear.
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell.
He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro—
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness—
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated. Who could
guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could
rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste. The
steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war—
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar
And, near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the Morning Star ;
While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The Foe ! They
come ! They come !"

And wild and high the *Cameron's Gathering* rose !
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes.
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills !

Savage and shrill! But with the breath which
fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years—
And Evan's—Donald's fame rings in each clans-
man's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops (as they pass)
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!—
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living Valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high Hope, shall moulder cold
and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay.
The Midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,—
The Morn the marshalling in arms,—the Day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when
rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend,—foe,—in one red burial
blent!

LORD BYRON.

BALACLAVA

I

THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE

THE charge of the gallant three hundred, the
Heavy Brigade !

Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley—and
stay'd ;

For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were
riding by

When the points of the Russian lances arose in the
sky ;

And he call'd " Left wheel into line ! " and they
wheel'd and obey'd.

Then he look'd at the host that had halted he knew
not why,

And he turn'd half round, and he bad his trumpeter
sound

To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved
his blade

To the gallant three hundred whose glory will never
die—

" Follow," and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill
Follow'd the Heavy Brigade.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might
of the fight !

Thousands of horsemen had gather'd there on the
height,

With a wing push'd out to the left and a wing to
the right,

And who shall escape if they close ? but he dash'd
up alone

Thro' the great gray slope of men,

Sway'd his sabre, and held his own
Like an Englishman there and then ;
All in a moment follow'd with force
Three that were next in their fiery course,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had
made—

Four amid thousands ! and up the hill, up the hill,
Gallopt the gallant three hundred, the Heavy
Brigade.

Fell like a cannonshot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crash'd like a hurricane,
Broke thro' the mass from below,
Drove thro' the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of light !
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for a while from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right,
And roll'd them around like a cloud,—
O mad for the charge and the battle were we,
When our own good redcoats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea,
And we turn'd to each other, whispering, all
dismay'd,
“ Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett's
Brigade ! ”

“ Lost one and all ” were the words
Mutter'd in our dismay ;
But they rode like Victors and Lords
Thro' the forest of lances and swords

In the heart of the Russian hordes,
They rode, or they stood at bay—
Struck with the sword-hand and slew,
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle and threw
Underfoot there in the fray—
Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day ;
Till suddenly shock upon shock
Stagger'd the mass from without,
Drove it in wild disarray,
For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,
And the foeman surged, and waver'd, and reel'd
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
And over the brow and away.

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they
made !

Glory to all the three hundred, and all the Brigade !

LORD TENNYSON.

II

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“ Forward, the Light Brigade !
Charge for the guns ! ” he said ;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“ Forward, the Light Brigade ! ”
Was there a man dismayed ?

Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered.
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered ;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well.
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered ;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well

Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
O the wild charge they made !
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred !

LORD TENNYSON.

BATTLE (b) BY SEA

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THE ARMADA

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble
England's praise !
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in
ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in
vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of
Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer
day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Ply-
mouth Bay.
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet beyond
Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many
a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial
grace ;
And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held her close
in chase.
Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along
the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's
lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing bark put out, to pry along the
coast ;
And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland
many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted the stout old
sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him
sound the drums.
His yeomen, round the market cross, make clear an
ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her
Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance
the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon
swells.
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient
crown
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay
lilies down !
So stalked he when he turned to flight on that famed
Picard field
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's
eagle shield.
So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he
turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely
hunters lay.
Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight ! Ho !
scatter flowers, fair maids !
Ho, gunners ! fire a loud salute ! Ho, gallants !
draw your blades !
Thou, sun, shine on her joyously ! Ye breezes, waft
her wide !
Our glorious *semper eadem* ! the banner of our
pride !

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled that
banner's massy fold ;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty
scroll of gold.

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the
purple sea ;
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er
again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the
day.
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly
warflame spread.
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone. It shone on
Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each
southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering
waves.
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's
sunless caves.
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the
fiery herald flew
And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers
of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out
from Bristol town ;
And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on
Clifton Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into
the night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak
of blood-red light,
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like
silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city
woke.

At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering
fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling
spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the
voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a
louder cheer.
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of
hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed
down each roaring street.
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still
the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came
spurring in.
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the
warlike errand went ;
And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant
squires of Kent.
Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those
bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor, they
started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they
bounded still ;
All night from tower to tower they sprang, they
sprang from hill to hill ;
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's
rocky dales ;
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills
of Wales ;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height ;
Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's
crest of light ;
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth, on Ely's
stately fane

And tower and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the
 boundless plain ;
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln
 sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide
 vale of Trent ;
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
 embattled pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers
 of Carlisle.

* * * * *

LORD MACAULAY.

THE ARMADA

AND there was mustering all night long, wild
 rumour and unrest,
 And mothers clasped their children the closer to
 their breast ;

But calmly yet in Plymouth Sound the fleet of
 England lay,
 The gunners slept beside their guns and waited for
 the day.

Then as the mists of morning cleared, up drew the
 Spanish van,
 And grimly off the Devon cliffs that ten days'
 fight began.

Four giant galleons led the way like vultures to
 the feast,
 And the huge league-long crescent rolled on from
 west to east :

But they will not stay for Plymouth, nor check the
late advance,
For Parma's armies wait and fret to cross the
Strait from France.

No grander fleet, no better foe, has ever crossed the
main,
No braver captains walked the deck than hold the
day for Spain.

There sailed Miguel d'Oquenda, our seamen knew
him well,
Recalde and Pietro Valdez, Mexia and Pimentel.

Oh, if ever, men of England, now brace your
courage high,
Make good your boast to rule the waves, and keep
the linstocks dry :

For the weeks of weary waiting, the long alert is
past,
The pent-up hate of nations meets face to face at
last.

The giant ships held on their course, and as the
last was clear
The Plymouth fleet put out to sea and hung upon
their rear ;

And their war-drums beat to quarters, the bugles
blared alarms,
The stately ocean-castles were filled with men-at-
arms.

All through that summer morn and noon, on till
the close of night,
We hurried through the galleons and fought a
running fight ;

And far up Dartmoor highlands men heard the
booming gun,
And watched the cloud of battle beneath the
summer sun.

As o'er some dead sea-monster wheel round the
white-winged gulls,
Our little ships ran in and out between the giant
hulls ;

For fleetly through their clumsy lines we steered
our nimble craft,
And thundered in our broadsides, and raked them
fore and aft ;

The broken spars flung havoc down, the floating
castles reeled,
While o'er our heads their cannon flashed, their
idle volleys pealed.

And the sun went down behind us, but the sea was
ribbed with red,
For the greatest of the galleons was burning as she
fled.

Yet hard behind we followed and held on through
the night,
And kept the tossing lanterns of the Spanish fleet
in sight.

So past Torbay to Portland Bill they ran on even
keels,
And ever we hung behind them and gored their
flying heels ;

And many a hull dismasted was left alone to lag,
To fall back in the hornets' nest, and, fighting,
strike her flag.

Then every port along the coast put out its
privateers,
And one by one our ships came in with ringing
cheers on cheers ;

So sailed Sir Walter Raleigh, the knight-errant of
the sea,
And all the best of Cornwall and Devon's chivalry,
Northumberland and Cumberland, and Oxford and
Carew,
Till from every mast in England the red-cross
banner blew.

A calm fell on the twenty-fifth—it was St. Jago's
day—
And face to face off Weymouth cliffs the baffled
warships lay.

Now, bishops, read your Masses, and friars, chant
your psalm !
Now, Spain, go up and prosper, for your saint hath
sent the calm !

With stubborn sweep of giant oars that thresh the
glassy blue,
The rear-guard galleons laboured down towards
our foremost few.

Then loud laughed Admiral Howard, and a cheer
went up the skies,
King Philip's three great galleons will be a noble
prize !

So we towed out two of our six ships to meet each
floating fort.
And we laid one on the starboard side and we laid
one on the port ;

And all forenoon we pounded them ; they fought
us hard and well,
Till the sulphur clouds along the calm hung like
the breath of hell.

But a fair wind rose at noontide and balked us of
our prey ;
The rescue came on wings of need and snatched the
prize away.

So past the Needles, past Spithead, along the
Sussex shores,
The tide of battle eastward rolls, the cannon
thunder roars ;

The pike-men on the Sussex Downs could see the
running fight,
And spread the rumour inland, the Dons were full
in flight :

The fishing-smacks put out to sea from many a
white-chalk cove,
To follow in the battle's wake and glean the
treasure-trove ;

Till night fell on the battle-scene, and under moon
and star
Men saw the English Channel one long red flame of
war.

So harried like their hunted bulls before the horse-
men's goad,
They dropped on the eve of Sunday to their place
in Calais road :

And we, we ringed about them and dogged them
to their lair
Beneath the guns of Calais, to fight us if they dare ;

But afar they rode at anchor and rued their battered
pride,
As a wounded hound draws off alone to lick his
gory side ;

And when the Sabbath morning broke, they had
not changed their line,
For Parma's host by Dunkirk town lay still and
made no sign.

So calm that Sabbath morning fell, men heard the
land-bells ring,
They heard the monks at masses, they heard the
soldiers sing ;

Then as the noon grew sultry came sounds of
feast and mirth,
And when the sun set many had seen the last on
earth.

A breeze sprang up at even, dark clouds rolled up
the sky,
And evil-boding fell the night, that last night of
July.

But in the fleet of England was every soul awake,
For a pinnace ran from bark to bark and brought
us word from Drake ;

And we towed eight ships to leeward, and set their
bows to shore,
To send the Dons a greeting they never had before ;

No traitor moon revealed us, there shone no summer
star
As we smeared the doomed hulls over with rosin
and with tar ;

And all their heavy ordnance was rammed with
stone and chain,
And they bore down on the night wind into the
heart of Spain.

It was Prowse and Young of Bideford who had the
charge to steer,
And a bow-shot from the Spanish lines they fired
them with a cheer,

Dropped each into his pinnace—it was deftly
done and well—
And on the tide set shoreward they loosed the
floating hell !

Oh, then were cables severed, then rose a panic cry
To every saint in heaven, that shook the reddened
sky !

And some to north and some to south, like a herd
of bulls set free,
With sails half set and cracking spars they staggered
out to sea :

But we lay still in order and ringed them as they
came,
And scared the cloudy dawning with thunder and
with flame.

The North Sea fleet came sailing down, our ships
grew more and more,
As Wynter charged their severed van and drove
their best on shore.

The Flemish boors came out to loot, and up the
Holland dykes
The windmills stopped, the burghers marched with
muskets and with pikes ;

So we chased them through the racing sea and
banged them as they went,
And some we sank, and boarded some, till all our
shot was spent ;

Till we had no food nor powder, but only the will
to fight,
And the shadows closed about us and we lost them
in the night.

The white sea-horses sniffed the gale and climbed
our sides for glee,
And rocked us and caressed us and danced away to
lee.

Now rest you, men of England, for the fight is lost
and won :
The God of Storms will do the rest, and grimly it
was done—

Far north, far north on wings of death those
scattered galleys steer
Toward the rock-bound islands, the Scottish head-
lands drear ;

And the fishers of the Orkneys shall reap a golden
store,
And Irish kernes shall strip the dead tossed up
their rocky shore.

Long, long the maids of Aragon may watch and
wait in vain ;
The boys they sent for dowries will never come
again.

Deep, fathoms deep their lovers sleep beneath an
alien wave,
And not a foot of English land, not even for a
grave !

But it's Ah for the childless mothers ! and Ah for
the widowed maids !
And the sea-weed, not the myrtle, twined round
their rusting blades !

But we sailed back in triumph, our banner floating
free,
Our red-cross banner in the gale,—the masters of
the sea !

The waves did battle for us, the winds were on our
side,
The God of the just and unjust hath humbled
Philip's pride.

Henceforth shall no man bind us : where'er the
salt tides flow
Our sails shall take the sea-breeze, the oaks of
England go !

And every isle shall know them, and every land
that lies
Beyond the bars of sunset, the shadows of sunrise.

Henceforth, O Island England, be worthy of thy
fate,
And let thy new-world children revere thee wise
and great !

Sit throned on either ocean and watch thy sons
increase,
And keep the seas for freedom and hold the lands
for peace !

Thy fleets shall bear the harvest from all thy
daughter-lands,
And o'er thy blue sea-highways the continents
join hands.

But should some new intruder rise to bind the
ocean's bride,
Should once thy wave-dominion be questioned or
denied,

Then rouse thee from thy happy dream, go forth and
be again
The England of our hero-sires who broke the might
of Spain.

SIR RENNELL RODD.

THE *REVENGE*

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying
from far away :

“ Spanish ships of war at sea ! We have sighted
fifty-three ! ”

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard, “ ’Fore God
I am no coward ;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out
of gear,

And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but
follow quick.

We are six ships of the line ; can we fight with fifty-
three ? ”

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville, “ I know you
are no coward ;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.

But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick
ashore.

I should count myself the coward if I left them, my
Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of
Spain."

III

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war
that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer
heaven ;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from
the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below ;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were
not left to Spain,
To the thumbserew and the stake, for the glory of
the Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship
and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard
came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather
bow.
" Shall we fight or shall we fly ?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die !
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be
set."
And Sir Richard said again, " We be all good
English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of
the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a
hurrah, and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the
foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety
sick below ;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the
left were seen,
And the little *Revenge* ran on thro' the long sea-lane
between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their
decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad
little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen
hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning
tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us
like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the star-
board lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought
herself and went
Having that within her womb that had left her ill
content ;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought
us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and
musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that
shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out
far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and
the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-
built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her
battle-thunder and flame ;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back
with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and
so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the
world before ?

X

For he said “ Fight on ! fight on ! ”
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck ;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer
night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,

But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said "Fight on ! fight on !"

XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring ;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in a perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us main'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife ;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent ;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side ;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
" We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again !
We have won great glory, my men !
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when ?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain !
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain !"

XII

And the gunner said " Ay, ay," but the seamen
made reply,
" We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to
let us go ;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another
blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to
the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore
him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard
caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace ;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried :
" I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant
man and true ;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die !"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant
and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so
cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his
English few ;
Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught
they knew,

But they sank his body with honour down into the
deep,
And they mann'd the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien
crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for
her own :
When a wind from the land they had ruin'd awoke
from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to
moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-
quake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their
masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-
shatter'd navy of Spain :
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the
island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE FOUR DAYS' BATTLE

[From *Annus Mirabilis*]

FIRST DAY

OUR fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear,
In number and a famed commander bold.
The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear
Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.

The Duke, less numerous, but in courage more,
On wings of all the winds to combat flies ;
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,
And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise.

Both furl their sails and strip them for the fight.
Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air.
The Elean plains could boast no nobler fight
When struggling champions did their bodies bare.

Borne each by other in a distant line,
The sea-built forts in dreadful order move ;
So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,
But lands unfixed and floating nations strove.

Now passed, on either side they nimbly tack.
Both strive to intercept and guide the wind ;
And in its eye more closely they come back
To finish all the deaths they left behind.

On high-raised decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go ;
Such port the elephant bears, and so defied
By the rhinoceros, her unequal foe.

And as the build, so different is the fight.
Their mounting shot is on our sails designed ;
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light
And through their yielding planks a passage find.

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,
Whose battered rigging their whole war receives ;
All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scattered leaves.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought ;
But he, who meets all danger with disdain,
Even in their face his ship to anchor brought
And steeple-high stood propped upon the main.

At this excess of courage all-amazed,
The foremost of his foes awhile withdraw ;
With such respect in entered Rome they gazed
Who on high chairs the god-like Fathers saw.

The night comes on, we eager to pursue
The combat still and they ashamed to leave ;
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew
And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

In the English fleet each ship resounds with joy
And loud applause of their great leader's fame ;
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
And slumbering smile at the imagined flame.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tired and done,
Stretched on their decks like weary oxen lie ;
Faint sweats all down their mighty members run,
Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
Or shipwrecked labour to some distant shore,
Or in dark churches walk among the dead—
They wake with horror and dare sleep no more.

SECOND DAY

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
Till from their maintop joyful news they hear
Of ships which by their mould bring new supplies
And in their colours Belgian lions bear.

Our watchful General had discerned from far
This mighty succour, which made glad the foe ;
He sighed, but, like a father of the war,
His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows flow.

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,
Never till now unwilling to obey.
They not their wounds but want of strength deplore
And think them happy who with him can stay.

Then to the rest, "Rejoice," said he, "to-day !
In you the fortune of Great Britain lies.
Among so brave a people, you are they
Whom Heaven has chose to fight for such a prize.

If number English courages could quell,
We should at first have shunned, not met our foes,
Whose numerous sails the fearful only tell.
Courage from hearts and not from numbers
grows."

He said ; nor needed more to say. With haste
To their known stations cheerfully they go ;
And all at once, disdaining to be last,
Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

Nor did the encouraged Belgians long delay,
But bold in others, not themselves, they stood
So thick, our navy scarce could steer their way,
But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

Never had valour, no, not ours before
Done aught like this upon the land or main ;
Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
Than all the conquests former kings did gain.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare ;
He could not conquer and disdained to fly.
Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,
Like falling Caesar decently to die.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,
To see those perish who so well had fought ;
And generously with his despair he strove,
Resolved to live till he their safety wrought.

Let other Muses write his prosperous fate,
Of conquered nations tell and kings restored :
But mine shall sing of his eclipsed estate,
Which, like the sun's, more wonders does afford.

THIRD DAY

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
On which the foe his fruitless force employs ;
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore
Remote from guns, as sick men from the noise.

His fiery cannon did their passage guide,
And following smoke obscured them from the
foe ;
Thus Israel, safe from the Egyptian's pride,
By flaming pillars and by clouds did go.

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs subdue ;
So Xenophon once led that famed retreat
Which first the Asian empire overthrew.

The foe approached ; and one for his bold sin
Was sunk, as he that touched the Ark was slain.
The wild waves mastered him and sucked him in,
And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood ;
As if they had been there as servants set
To stay or to go on, as he thought good,
And not pursue but wait on his retreat.

So Libyan huntsmen on some sandy plain,
From shady coverts roused, the lion chase ;
The kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,
And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.

But if some one approach to dare his force,
He swings his tail and swiftly turns him round,
With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

Thus far had Fortune power ; here forced to stay ;
Nor longer durst with virtue be at strife.
This as a ransom Albemarle did pay
For all the glories of so great a life.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whose waving streamers the glad General knows ;
With full-spread sails his eager navy steers,
And every ship in swift proportion grows.

The anxious Princee had heard the cannon long
And from that length of time dire omens drew
Of English overmatched, and Dutch too strong
Who never fought three days but to pursue.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
And he the substance not the appearance chose ;
To rescue one such friend he took more pride
Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

But when approached, in strict embraces bound
Rupert and Albemarle together grow ;
He joys to have his friend in safety found,
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

FOURTH DAY

The cheerful soldiers, with new stores supplied,
Now long to execute their spleenful will ;
And in revenge for those three days they tried
Wish one like Joshua's, when the sun stood still.

Thus reinfreed, against the adverse fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way ;
With the first blushes of the morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

His presenee soon blows up the kindling fight,
And his loud guns speak thick like angry men.
It seemed as slaughter had been breathed all night,
And Death now pointed his dull dart again.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct know
And matchless courage, since the former fight ;
Whose navy like a stiff stretched cord did show,
Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

The wind he shares. While half their fleet offends
His open side and high above him shows ;
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,
And doubly harmed he double harm bestows.

Behind, the General mends his weary pace,
And sullenly to his revenge he sails ;
So glides some trodden serpent in the grass,
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

The increasing sound is borne to either shore,
And for their stakes the throwing nations fear ;
Their passion double with the cannons' roar,
And with warm wishes each man combats there.

Plied thick and close as when the fight begun,
Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away.
So sicken waning moons too near the sun
And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

And now, reduced on equal terms to fight,
Their ships like wasted patrimonies show,
Where the thin scattering trees admit the light
And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
A course, till tired before the dog she lay,
Who, stretched behind her, pants upon the plain,
Past power to kill as she to get away.

With his lolled tongue he faintly licks his prey ;
His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies ;
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,
And warns his tattered fleet to follow home ;
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,
Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

The General's force, as kept alive by fight,
Now not opposed, no longer can pursue ;
Lasting till Heaven had done his courage right,
When he had conquered, he his weakness knew.

He casts a frown on the departing foe
And sighs to see him quit the watery field ;
His stern fixed eyes no satisfaction show
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

Though, as when fiends did miracles avow,
He stands confessed even by the boastful Dutch.
He only does his conquest disavow
And thinks too little what they found too much.

JOHN DRYDEN.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line—
It was ten of April morn by the chime.
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
“Hearts of oak !” our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back—

Their shots along the deep slowly boom.
Then ceased ; and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
“ Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save.
So peace instead of death let us bring.
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.”

Then Denmark bless'd our chief
That he gave her wounds repose.
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day ;
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light !
And yet amidst that joy and uproar
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant good Riou !
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE DEATH OF NELSON

'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay
We saw the Frenchmen lay.
Each heart was bounding then.
We scorn'd the foreign yoke ;
Our ships were British oak
And hearts of oak our men.
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave ;
Three cheers our gallant scamen gave,
Nor thought of home or beauty.
Along the line the signal ran—
“ England expects that every man
This day will do his duty.”

And now the cannon roar
Along the affrighted shore !
Our Nelson led the way,
His ship the *Vict'ry* named ;
Long be that *Vict'ry* famed—
For vict'ry crowned the day.
But dearly was that conquest bought !
Too well the gallant hero fought
For England, home, and beauty.
He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,
“ England expects that every man
This day will do his duty.”

At last the fatal wound
Which spread dismay around
The hero's breast received—
“Heav'n fights upon our side!
The day's our own,” he cried;
“Now long enough I've lived.
In honour's cause my life was passed.
In honour's cause I fall at last
For England, home, and beauty—”
Thus ending life as he began!
England confess'd that every man
That day had done his duty.

SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD.

THE BATTLE OF THE BIGHT

HAD I the fabled herb
That brought to life the dead,
Whom would I dare disturb
In his eternal bed?
Great Grenville would I wake,
And with glad tidings make
The soul of mighty Drake
Heave up a glorying head.

As rose the misty sun,
Our men the North Sea scanned,
And each rejoicing gun
Welcomed a Foe at hand,
And thundering its delight,
Opened its mouth outright,
And bit them in the Bight,
The Bight of Helgoland.

With Captains who could each
Do aught but yield or flee ;
With guns that spake the speech
Shall keep this kingdom free ;
We hammered to their doom
Four Giants mid the gloom,
And one to a fiercer tomb
Sent blazing down the sea.

Sleep on, O Drake, sleep well
In days not wholly dire !
Grenville, whom nought could quell,
Unquenched is still thy fire.
And thou that had'st no peer,
Nelson ! thou need'st not fear :
Thy sons and heirs are here,
Nor shall they shame their sire.

WILLIAM WATSON.

THE *ARETHUSA*

COME, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold—
Huzza for the *Arethusa* !
She is a frigate tight and brave
As ever stemmed the dashing wave ;
Her men are staunch
To their fav'rite launch ;
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike we'll all expire
On board of the *Arethusa*.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
 Bore down on the *Arethusa*.
The famed *Belle Poule* straight ahead did lie.
The *Arethusa* seemed to fly.
 Not a sheet, or a tack,
 Or a brace, did she slack—
Though the Frenchmen laughed and thought it stuff.
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
 On board of the *Arethusa*.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France ;
We, with two hundred, did advance
 On board of the *Arethusa*.
Our captain hailed the Frenchman, " Ho ! "
The Frenchman then cried out " Hallo ! "
 " Bear down, d'ye see,
 To our Admiral's lee ! "
" No, no," says the Frenchman, " that can't be ! "
" Then I must lug you along with me ! "
 Says the sauey *Arethusa*.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land.
We forced them back upon their strand ;
For we fought till not a stick would stand
 Of the gallant *Arethusa*.
And now we've driven the foe ashore
Never to fight with Britons more,
 Let each fill a glass
 To his favourite lass !
A health to our captain, and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew,
 On board of the *Arethusa* !

PRINCE HOARE.

PAUL JONES'S FIGHT

Would you hear of an old-time sea-fight ?
Would you learn who won by the light of the moon
and stars ?
List to the yarn, as my grandmother's father the
sailor told it to me.

“ Our foe was no skulk in his ship, I tell you (said
he).
His was the surly English pluck, and there is no
tougher or truer, and never was, and never will be.
Along the lowered eve he came horribly raking us.

We closed with him. The yards entangled. The
cannon touched.
My captain lashed fast with his own hands.

We had received some eighteen-pound shots under
the water.
On our lower-gun-deck two large pieces had burst
at the first fire, killing all around and blowing
up overhead.

Fighting at sun-down, fighting at dark,
Ten o'clock at night, the full moon well up, our
leaks on the gain, and five feet of water
reported,
The master-at-arms loosing the prisoners confined
in the after-hold to give them a chance for
themselves.

The transit to and from the magazine is now stopt
by the sentinels.
They see so many strange faces they do not know
whom to trust.

Our frigate takes fire.
The other asks if we demand quarter ?
If our colours are struck and the fighting done ?

Now I laugh content, for I hear the voice of my
little captain.
' We have not struck,' he composedly cries ; ' we
have just begun our part of the fighting.'

Only three guns are in use,
One is directed by the captain himself against the
enemy's main-mast,
Two well served with grape and canister silence his
musketry and clear his decks.

The tops alone second the fire of this little battery,
especially the main-top.
They hold out bravely during the whole of the
action.

Not a moment's cease !
The leaks gain fast on the pumps. The fire eats
towards the powder magazine.
One of the pumps has been shot away. It is
generally thought we are sinking.

Serene stands the little captain.
He is not hurried. His voice is neither high nor
low.
His eyes give more light to us than our battle-
lanterns.

Toward twelve, there in the beams of the moon,
they surrender to us."

WALT WHITMAN.

A BALLAD FOR A BOY

WHEN George the Third was reigning a hundred
years ago,
He ordered Captain Farmer to chase the foreign foe.
“You’re not afraid of shot,” said he, “you’re not
afraid of wreck,
So cruise about the west of France in the frigate
called *Quebec*.

Quebec was once a Frenchman’s town, but twenty
years ago
King George the Second sent a man called General
Wolfe, you know,
To clamber up a precipice and look into Quebec,
As you’d look down a hatchway when standing on
the deck.

If Wolfe could beat the Frenchmen then, so you can
beat them now.
Before he got inside the town he died, I must allow.
But since the town was won for us it is a lucky name,
And you’ll remember Wolfe’s good work, and you
shall do the same.”

Then Farmer said, “I’ll try, sir,” and Farmer
bowed so low
That George could see his pigtail tied in a velvet bow.
George gave him his commission, and that it might
be safer,
Signed “King of Britain, King of France,” and
sealed it with a wafer.

Then proud was Captain Farmer in a frigate of his
own,
And grander on his quarter-deck than George upon
the throne.

He'd two guns in his cabin, and on the spar-deck
ten,
And twenty on the gun-deck, and more than ten
score men.

And as a huntsman scours the brakes with sixteen
brace of dogs,
With two-and-thirty cannon the ship explored the
fogs.
From Cape la Hogue to Ushant, from Rochefort to
Belleisle,
She hunted game till reef and mud were rubbing on
her keel.

The fogs are dried. The frigate's side is bright with
melting tar.
The lad up in the foretop sees square white sails afar.
The east wind drives three square-sailed masts
from out the Breton bay,
And "Clear for action!" Farmer shouts, and
reefers yell "Hooray!"

The Frenchmen's captain had a name I wish I could
pronounce.
A Breton gentleman was he, and wholly free from
bounce,
One like those famous fellows who died by guillotine
For honour and the fleurs-de-lys and Antoinette
the Queen.

The Catholic for Louis, the Protestant for George,
Each captain drew as bright a sword as saintly
smiths could forge;
And both were simple seamen, but both could
understand
How each was bound to win or die for flag and
native land.

The French ship was *La Surveillante*, which means
the watchful maid ;
She folded up her head-dress and began to cannonade.
Her hull was clean, and ours was foul ; we had to
spread more sail.
On canvas, stays, and topsail yards her bullets
came like hail.

Sore smitten were both captains, and many lads
beside,
And still to cut our rigging the foreign gunners
tried.
A sail-clad spar came flapping down athwart a
blazing gun ;
We could not quench the rushing flames, and so the
Frenchman won.

Our quarter-deck was crowded ; the waist was all
aglow ;
Men hung upon the taffrail, half scorched but loth
to go ;
Our captain sat where once he stood, and would not
quit his chair.
He bade his comrades leap for life, and leave him
bleeding there.

The guns were hushed on either side. The French-
men lowered boats.
They flung us planks and hencoops, and everything
that floats.
They risked their lives, good fellows, to bring their
rivals aid !
'Twas by the conflagration the peace was strangely
made.

La Surveillante was like a sieve ; the victors had
no rest.

They had to dodge the east wind to reach the port
of Brest,

And where the waves leapt lower, and the riddled
ship went slower,

In triumph, yet in funeral guise, came fisher-boats
to tow her.

They dealt with us as brethren, they mourned
for Farmer dead ;

And as the wounded captives passed each Breton
bowed the head.

Then spoke the French lieutenant, “ ’Twas fire
that won, not we.

You never struck your flag to us ; you’ll go to
England free.”

’Twas the sixth day of October, seventeen hundred
seventy-nine,

A year when nations ventured against us to com-
bine,

Quebec was burnt and Farmer slain, by us remem-
bered not ;

But thanks be to the French book wherein they’re
not forgot.

Now you, if you’ve to fight the French, my young-
ster, bear in mind

Those seamen of King Louis so chivalrous and
kind ;

Think of the Breton gentlemen who took our lads
to Brest,

And treat some rescued Breton as a comrade and
a guest.

WILLIAM CORY.

THE FIGHTING FIVE

WHERE the waves are as chargers that curvet and
prance,
And toss their white manes in retreat or advance,
The *Lennox*, the *Loyal*, the *Legion*, the *Lance*,
Went forth with the cruiser *Undaunted*.

The Foe he was brave—let us give him his dues !
For Britons they are not who basely refuse
A gallant salute to an enemy's crews
That with cowardice cannot be taunted.

But they who are brave in a cause that is ill
Have Heaven for a foe that o'ermatches them still,
And vainly they lavish their valour and skill,
And idly their prowess is vaunted.

Their squadron, it opened like hosts that deploy,
And fain had embraced us, but found us too coy,
And we sank their Destroyers that could not
destroy,
And we humbled the flag that they flaunted.

Then, fresh as from pastime, returned without
boasts
Our wonderful tars to our worshipping coasts,
O'er the sea that, from age unto age, by the ghosts
Of our fathers the Sea-Kings is haunted.

WILLIAM WATSON.

REALM 8

FAREWELLS, LAMENTS, AND ELEGIES

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ADIEU !

A LITTLE work, a little play,
To keep us going—and so, good-day !

A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night !

A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so, good-morrow !

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing ! And so—good-bye !

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

TOM BOWLING

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew.

No more he'll hear the tempest howling,

For death has broach'd him to.

His form was of the manliest beauty,

His heart was kind and soft,

Faithful, below, he did his duty

But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,

His virtues were so rare ;

His friends were many and true-hearted ;

His Poll was kind and fair.

And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft !
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
For, though his body's under hatchets,
His soul has gone aloft.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

DEATH LEVELS ALL

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things.
There is no armour against fate.
Death lays his icy hand on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill.
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, poor captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds !
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds !
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb !
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

DRAKE'S DRUM

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile
 away,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)
 Slung atween the round-shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
 Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
 An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide
 dashin',
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon
 seas,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)
 Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 "Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
 Strike et when your powder's runnin' low ;
 If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o'
 Heaven,
 An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed
 them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas
 come,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)
Slung atween the round-shot, listenin' for the drum,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
 They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they
 found him long ago !

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast ;
 Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

DIRGE

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages.
Thou thy worldly task hast done.
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great ;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke.
Care no more to clothe, and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone.
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Nothing ill come near thee !
Quiet consummation have ;
And renown'd be thy grave !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ON THE LOSS OF THE *ROYAL GEORGE*

TOLL for the brave—
The brave ! that are no more ;
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.
Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.
A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset ;
Down went the *Royal George*,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave—
Brave Kempenfelt is gone
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.
It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;

EIGHTH REALM

She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock.
His sword was in the sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes,
And mingle with your cup
The tears that England owes.
Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.
But Kempenfelt is gone—
His victories are o'er :
And he and his Eight hundred
Must plough the wave no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

LAST WORDS

EVEN such is Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

REALM 9

THE SEA, SHIPS, AND SAILORS

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THE SEA

THE Sea ! the Sea ! the open Sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round.
It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies ;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea ! I'm on the Sea !
I am where I would ever be ;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh ! *how* I love) to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore
But I lov'd the great Sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she *was*, and *is* to me ;
For I was born on the open Sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born ;
 And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
 And never was heard such an outcry wild
 As welcomed to life the Ocean-child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
 With wealth to spend and a power to range,
 But never have sought, nor sighed for change.
 And Death, whenever he come to me,
 Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea !

BRYAN PROCTER.

A STORM

VIEW now the winter storm ! Above—one cloud
 Black and unbroken all the skies o'ershroud.
 The unwieldy porpoise through the day before
 Had rolled in view of boding men on shore
 And sometimes hid and sometimes showed his form
 Dark as the cloud and furious as the storm.

All where the eye delights yet dreads to roam
 The breaking billows cast the flying foam
 Upon the billows rising. All the deep
 Is restless change—the waves, so swelled and steep,
 Breaking and sinking ; and the sunken swells ;
 Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells.
 But nearer land you may the billows trace
 As if contending in their watery chase ;
 May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
 Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch.
 Curled as they come, they strike with furious force
 And then reflowing take their grating course

Raking the rounded flints which, ages past,
Rolled by their rage and shall to ages last.

Far off the petrel in the troubled way
Swims with her brood or flutters in the spray.
She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.
High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
Of gunner's hope, vast flocks of wild-duck stretch.
Far as the eye can glance on either side
In a broad space and level line they glide ;
All in their wedge-like figures from the north
Day after day, flight after flight, go forth.
In-shore their passage, tribes of sea-gulls urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge.
Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly
Far back ; then turn and all their force apply—
While to the storm they give their weak com-
plaining cry,
Or clap the sleek white pinion on the breast
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.

Darkness begins to reign. The louder wind
Appals the weak and awes the firmer mind ;
But frights not him whom evening and the spray
In part conceal—yon prowler on his way.
Lo ! he has something seen. He runs apace
As if he feared companion in the chase.
He sees his prize. And now he turns again
Slowly and sorrowing—"Was your search in vain?"
Gruffly he answers, "'Tis a sorry sight !
A seaman's body ! There'll be more to-night !"

GEORGE CRABBE.

THE WRECK OF THE *HESPERUS*

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
 That sailed the wintry sea ;
 And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm
 With his pipe in his mouth ;
 And watched how the veering flaw did blow
 The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailôr,
 Had sailed the Spanish Main,
 " I pray thee, put into yonder port,
 For I fear a hurriane.

Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
 And to-night no moon we see !"
 The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
 And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
 A gale from the North-east ;
 The snow fell hissing in the brine ;
 And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
 The vessel in its strength.
 She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
 Then leaped her cable's length.

“ Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughtêr,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast.
He cut a rope from a broken spar
And bound her to the mast.

“ Oh father ! I hear the church-bells ring.
O say, what may it be ? ”
“ 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast ! ”—
And he steered for the open sea.

“ O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be ? ”
“ Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea ! ”

“ O father ! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be ? ”
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he,

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark
With his face to the skies !
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That savêd she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
 A sound came from the land—
 It was the sound of the trampling surf
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows.
 She drifted a dreary wreck—
 And a whooping billow swept the crew
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
 Looked soft as carded wool,
 But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
 With the masts, went by the board.
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank.
 "Ho ! ho !" the breakers roared.

At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach
 A fisherman stood aghast,
 To see the form of a maiden fair,
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes ;
 And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
 In the midnight and the snow !
 Christ save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's Woe !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SEA FEVER

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea
and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by ;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the
white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn
breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the
running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be
denied ;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds
flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the
sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant
gipsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the
wind's like a whetted knife ;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing
feilow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long
trick's over.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

IN DAYS OF OAK AND HEMP

A LOWERING squall obscures the southern sky
 Before whose sweeping breath the waters fly.
 Its weight the topsails can no more sustain ;
" Reef top-sails ! Reef ! " the Master calls again.
 The halyards and top bowlines soon are gone ;
 To clue-lines and reef-tackles next they run.
 The shivering sails descend. The yards are square.
 Then quick aloft the ready crew repair.

The weather earings and the lee they passed,
 The reefs enrolled, and every point made fast.

Their task above thus finished, they descend
 And vigilant the approaching squall attend.
 It comes resistless, and with foaming sweep
 Upturns the whitening surface of the deep.
 In such a tempest borne to deeds of death
 The wayward sisters scour the blasted heath.

The clouds, with ruin pregnant, now impend
 And storm and cataracts tumultuous blend.
 Deep on her side the reeling vessel lies.

" Brail up the mizzen quick ! " the Master cries,
" Man the clue garnets ! Let the main sheet fly ! "

It rends in thousand shivering shreds on high !
 The mainsail, all in streaming ruins tore,
 Loud fluttering imitates the thunder's roar.
 The ship still labours in th' oppressive strain
 Low bending as if ne'er to rise again.

" Bear up the helm a-weather ! " Rodmond cries.
 Swift at the word the helm a-weather flies ;
 She feels its guiding power and veers apace.
 And now the foresail right athwart they brace :
 With equal sheets restrained, the bellying sail
 Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.

While o'er the foam the ship impetuous flies
 The helm th' attentive timoneer applies.

As in pursuit along th' aërial way
With ardent eye the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chase
Obliquely wheeling through the fluid space—
So, governed by the steersman's glowing hands,
The regent helm her motion still commands.

But now the transient squall to leeward passed,
Again she rallies to the sullen blast.
The helm to starboard moves. Each shivering sail
Is sharply trimmed to clasp th' augmenting gale.
The mizzen draws. She springs aloof once more
While the fore staysail balances before.
The foresail braced obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow th' extended tack confined.
Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend
And haul the bowline to the bowsprit end.
To topsails next they haste. The bunt-lines gone,
Through rattling blocks the clue lines swiftly run.
Th' extending sheets on either side are manned.
Abroad they come ! The fluttering sails expand.
The yards again ascend each comrade mast ;
The leeches taut, the halyards are made fast ;
The bowlines hauled and yards to starboard braced ;
And straggling ropes in pendent order placed.

The mainsail by the squall so lately rent
In streaming pendants flying is unbent.
With brails refixed, another soon prepared,
Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.
To each yard-arm the head-rope they extend
And soon their earings and their robands bend.
That task performed, they first the braces slack
Then to the chess-tree drag the unwilling tack.
And while the lee clue garnet's lowered away
Taut aft the sheet they tally and belay.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

CHANTY

THE CHANTY-MAN. Away, haul away, boys, haul
away together,

SAILORS. *Away, haul away, boys, haul away O !*

THE CHANTY-MAN. Away, haul away, boys, haul
away together,

SAILORS. *Away, haul away, boys, haul away O !*

THE CHANTY-MAN. Louis was the King of France
afore the Revolution,

SAILORS. *Away, haul away, boys, haul away O !*

THE CHANTY-MAN. Louis was the King of France
afore the Revolution,

SAILORS. *Away, haul away, boys, haul away O !*

THE CHANTY-MAN. But Louis got his head cut off
which spoiled his constitution,

SAILORS. *Away, haul away, boys, haul away O !*

THE CHANTY-MAN. But Louis got his head cut off
which spoiled his constitution,

SAILORS. *Away, haul away, boys, haul away O !*

TRADITIONAL.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

ONE night came on a hurricane.

The sea was mountains rolling,

When Barney Buntline turned his quid,

And said to Billy Bowling,

“ A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill :

Hark ! don't ye hear it roar now ?

Lord help 'em, how I pities all

Unhappy folks on shore now !

Fool-hardy chaps who live in town,
What danger they are all in,
And now are quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in.
Poor creatures, how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

But as for them who're out all day
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home
To cheer the babes and spouses ;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck,
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes ! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying !

And very often we have heard
How men are killed and undone
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves and fires in London.
We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors ;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors ! ”

CHARLES DIBDIN

THE ADMIRAL'S GHOST

Story I TELL you a tale to-night
Which a seaman told to me,
With eyes that gleamed in the lanthorn light
And a voice as low as the sea.

You could almost hear the stars
 Twinkling up in the sky,
 And the old wind woke and moaned in the spars,
 And the same old waves went by,

Singing the same old song
 As ages and ages ago,
 While he froze my blood in that deep-sea night
 With the things that he seemed to know.

A bare foot pattered on deck ;
 Ropes creaked ; then—all grew still,
 And he pointed his finger straight in my face
 And growled, as a sea-dog will.

“ Do ’ee know who Nelson was ?
 That pore little shrivelled form
 With the patch on his eye and the pinned-up sleeve
 And a soul like a North Sea storm ?

Ask of the Devonshire men !
 They know, and they’ll tell you true ;
 He wasn’t the pore little ehawed-up chap
 That Hardy thought he knew.

He wasn’t the man you think !
 His patch was a dern disguise !
 For he knew that they’d find him out, d’you see,
 If they looked him in both his eyes.

He was twice as big as he seemed ;
 But his clothes were cunningly made.
 He’d both of his hairy arms all right !
 The sleeve was a trick of the trade.

You’ve heard of sperrits, no doubt ;
 Well, there’s more in the matter than that !
 But he wasn’t the patch and he wasn’t the sleeve,
 And he wasn’t the laced cocked-hat.

Nelson was just—a Ghost !

You may laugh ! But the Devonshire men
They knew that he'd come when England called,
And they know that he'll come again.

I'll tell you the way it was
(For none of the landsmen know),
And to tell it you right, you must go a-starn
Two hundred years or so.

The waves were lapping and slapping
The same as they are to-day ;
And Drake lay dying aboard his ship
In Nombre Dios Bay.

The scent of the foreign flowers
Came floating all around ;
' But I'd give my soul for the smell o' the pitch,'
Says he, ' in Plymouth Sound.

What shall I do,' he says,
' When the guns begin to roar,
An' England wants me, and me not there
To shatter 'er foes once more ? '

(You've heard what he said, maybe,
But I'll mark you the p'int again ;
For I want you to box your compass right
And get my story plain.)

' You must take my drum,' he says,
' To the old sea-wall at home ;
And if ever you strike that drum,' he says,
' Why, strike me blind, I'll come !

If England needs me, dead
Or living, I'll rise that day !
I'll rise from the darkness under the sea
Ten thousand mile away.'

That's what he said ; and he died ;
 An' his pirates, listenin' roun',
 With their crimson doublets and jewelled swords
 That flashed as the sun went down,

They sewed him up in his shroud
 With a round-shot top and toe,
 To sink him under the salt sharp sea
 Where all good seamen go.

They lowered him down in the deep,
 And there in the sunset light
 They boomed a broadside over his grave,
 As meanin' to say ' Good-night.'

They sailed away in the dark
 To the dear little isle they knew ;
 And they hung his drum by the old sea-wall
 The same as he told them to.

.

Two hundred years went by,
 And the guns began to roar,
 And England was fighting hard for her life,
 As ever she fought of yore.

' It's only my dead that count,'
 She said, as she says to-day ;
 ' It isn't the ships and it isn't the guns
 'Ull sweep Trafalgar's Bay.'

D'you guess who Nelson was ?
 You may laugh, but it's true as true !
 There was more in that pore little chawed-up chap
 Than ever his best friend knew.

The foe was creepin' close,
 In the dark, to our white-cliffed isle ;
 They were ready to leap at England's throat,
 When—O, you may smile, you may smile ;

But—ask of the Devonshire men ;
For they heard in the dead of night
The roll of a drum, and they saw *him* pass
On a ship all shining white.

He stretched out his dead cold face
And he sailed in the grand old way !
The fishes had taken an eye and an arm,
But he swept Trafalgar's Bay.

Nelson—was Francis Drake !
O, what matters the uniform,
Or the patch on your eye or your pinned-up sleeve,
If your soul's like a North Sea storm ? ”

ALFRED NOYES.

TO SEA

To sea, to sea ! The calm is o'er ;
The wanton water leaps in sport
And rattles down the pebbly shore ;
The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,
And unseen mermaids' pearly song
Comes bubbling up the weeds among.

Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar :
To sea, to sea ! The calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea ! Our white-wing'd bark
Shall billowing cleave its wat'ry way,
And with its shadow fleet and dark,
Break the caved Triton's azure day,
Like mountain eagle soaring light
O'er antelopes on mountain height.

The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,
Our sails are full. To sea, to sea !

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

A PASSER-BY

WHITHER, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
 Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
 That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
 Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?
 Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,
 When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,
 Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
 In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou
 knowest,
 Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air :
 I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
 And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,
 Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare :
 Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-
 capp'd, grandest
 Peak, that is over the feathery palms, more fair
 Than thou, so upright, so stately and still thou
 standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhail'd and nameless,
 I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine
 That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blame-
 less,
 Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.
 But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is
 thine,
 As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,
 From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
 In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails
 crowding.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

THE CASTAWAY

OBSCUREST night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain
Nor him beheld nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay ;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away ;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted ; nor his friends had fail'd
To check the vessel's course.
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford ;
And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delay'd not to bestow.
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
 Their haste himself condemn,
 Aware that flight, in such a sea,
 Alone could reseue them ;
 Yet bitter felt it still to die
 Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
 In ocean, self-upheld ;
 And so long he, with unspent power,
 His destiny repell'd ;
 And ever, as the minutes flew,
 Entreated help, or cried " Adieu ! "

At length, his transient respite past,
 His comrades, who before
 Had heard his voice in every blast,
 Could eatch the sound no more ;
 For then, by toil subdued, he drank
 The stifling waves, and then he sank.

No poet wept him ; but the page
 Of narrative sincere,
 That tells his name, his worth, his age
 Is wet with Anson's tear.¹
 And tears by bards or heroes shed
 Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
 Deseanting on his fate,
 To give the melancholy theme
 A more enduring date ;
 But misery still delights to trace
 Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
 No light propitious shone,

¹ *A Voyage Round the World*, Bk. 1. Chap. viii.

When, snatched from all effectual aid,
We perish'd each alone ;
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And 'whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

WILLIAM COWPER.

DOWN INTO THE DEEP

LORD, Lord ! methought what pain it was to
drown !
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were erept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE WORLD BELOW THE BRINE

FORESTS at the bottom of the sea, the branches
and leaves,
Sea-lettuce, vast lichens, strange flowers and seeds,
the thick tangles, openings, and pink turf,
Different colours, pale grey and green, purple,
white and gold, the play of light through the
water,

Dumb swimmers there among the rocks, coral,
gluten, grass, rushes, and the aliment of the
swimmers,

Sluggish existences grazing there suspended or
slowly crawling close to the bottom,

The sperm-whale at the surface blowing air and
spray, or disporting with his flukes,

The leaden-eyed shark, the walrus, the turtle, the
hairy sea-leopard, and the sting-ray,

Passions there, wars, pursuits, tribes, sight in those
ocean-depths, breathing that thick-breathing
air, as so many do,

The change thence to the sight here, and to the
subtle air breathed by beings like us who walk
this sphere,

The change onward from ours to that of beings who
walk other spheres.

WALT WHITMAN.



REALM 10

BURLESQUE AND PARODY

BURLESQUE

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ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song ;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light
That show'd the rogues they lied.
The man recover'd of the bite :
The dog it was that died !

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE CONFESSION

THERE's somewhat on my breast, father ;
There's somewhat on my breast !
The livelong day I sigh, father,
And at night I cannot rest.
I cannot take my rest, father,
Though I would fain do so ;
A weary weight oppresseth me—
This weary weight of woe !

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
Nor want of worldly gear.
My lands are broad and fair to see ;
My friends are kind and dear.
My kin are leal and true, father ;
They mourn to see my grief—
But, oh ! 'tis not a kinsman's hand
Can give my heart relief !

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
'Tis not that she's unkind ;
Though busy flatterers swarm around
I know her constant mind.

'Tis not *her* coldness, father,
 That chills my labouring breast.
 It's that confounded cucumber
 I've ate and can't digest.

“ THOMAS INGOLDSBY.”

LARRY O'TOOLE

YOU'VE all heard of Larry O'Toole,
 Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole ;
 He had but one eye,
 To ogle ye by——
 Oh, murther, but that was a jew'l !
 A fool
 He made of the girls, dis O'Toole.

'Twas he was the boy didn't fail,
 That tuck down pataties and mail ;
 He never would shrink
 From any sthrong dthrink,
 Was it whisky or Drogheda ale ;
 I'm bail
 This Larry would swallow a pail.

Oh, many a night at the bowl ;
 With Larry I've sot check by jowl ;
 He's gone to his rest,
 Where there's dthrink of the best,
 And so let us give his old sowl
 A howl
 For 'twas he made the noggin to rowl.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

After BURNS

THE queys are mooping' i' the mirk,
 An' gin ye thole ahin' the kirk,
 I'll gar ye tocher hame fra' work,
 Sae straught an' primsie ;
 In vain the lavrock leaves the snaw,
 The sonsie cowslips blithely blaw,
 The elbucks wheep adoon the shaw,
 Or war! a whimsy.

The cootie muireocks crouselv craw,
 The maukins tak' their fud fu' braw,
 I gie their wames a random paw,
 For a' they're skilpy ;
 For wha' sae glaikit, gleg an' din,
 To but the ben, or loup the linn,
 Or scraw aboon the tirlin'-pin
 Sae frae an' gilpie ?

CHORUS. *Och, snood the sporrان roun' ma lap*
The cairngorm clap in ilka cap,
Och, hand me o'er
Ma long claymore,
Twa bannocks an' a bap,
Wha hoo !
Twa bannocks an' a bap !

HARRY GRAHAM.

ÆSTIVATION¹

An Unpublished Poem, by my Late Latin Tutor

IN candent ire the solar splendour flames ;
The foles, languescant, pend from arid rames ;
His humid front the cive, anhelant, wipes
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes.

How dulcet to vive occult to mortal eyes,
Dorm on the herb with none to supervise,
Carp the suave berries from the crescent vine,
And bibe the flow from longi-caudate kine.

To me, alas ! no verdurous visions come,
Save yon exiguous pool's conferva-seum.
No concave vast repeats the tender hue
That laves my milk-jug with celestial blue.

Me wretched ! Let me curre to quercine shades !
Effund your albid hausts, lactiferous maids !
O, might I vole to some unbrageous clump—
Depart—be off—exceed—evade—crump !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED
THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS

THOU happy, happy elf !
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself !
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear !)

¹ Antonym of Hibernation.—*Learned Author's Note.*

Thou merry laughing sprite !
With spirits feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin—
(Good heavens ! the child is swallowing a pin !)

Thou little tricky Puck !
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
(The door ! the door ! he'll tumble down the stair !)
Thou darling of thy sire !
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire !)
Thou imp of mirth and joy !
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy !
There goes my ink !)

Thou cherub—but of earth ;
Fit playfellow for Fays by moonlight pale
In harmless sport and mirth—
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail !)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny—
(Another tumble !—that's his precious nose !)
Thy father's pride and hope !
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint—
(Where did he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic dove !
(He'll have that jug off with another shove !)
Dear nursing of the hymeneal nest !
(Are those torn clothes his best ?)
Little epitome of man !
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan !)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
(He's got a knife !)

Thou enviable being !
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
 Play on, play on,
 My elfin John !
 Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)
 With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
 With many a lamb-like frisk
 (He's got the seissors snipping at your gown !)

Thou pretty opening rose !
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)
 Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth !)
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star—
 (I wish that window had an iron bar !)
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove—
 (I tell you what, my love,
 I cannot write, unless he's sent above !)

THOMAS HOOD.

THE WIDOW ¹

(*Sapphics*)

COLD was the night wind, drifting fast the snow fell,
 Wide were the downs and shelterless and naked,
 When a poor Wanderer struggled on her journey—
 Weary and way-sore.

Drear were the downs ; more dreary her reflections.
 Cold was the night-wind ; colder was her bosom.
 She had no home. The world was all before her.
 She had no shelter.

¹ Here and at page 262 Southey's poems are quoted in full so that the parodies which follow may be compared with the originals.

Fast o'er the heath a chariot rattled by her,
"Pity me!" feebly cried the lonely Wanderer;
"Pity me, strangers! lest with cold and hunger
Here I should perish.

Once I had friends,—though now by all forsaken!
Once I had parents,—they are now in Heaven!
I had a home once—I had once a husband—
Pity me, strangers!

I had a home once—I had once a husband—
I am a widow, poor and broken-hearted!"
Loud blew the wind. Unheard was her complaining.
On drove the chariot.

Then on the snow she laid her down to rest her;
She heard a horseman, "Pity me!" she groaned out.
Loud was the wind. Unheard was her complaining.
On went the horseman.

Worn out with anguish, toil and cold and hunger,
Down sunk the Wanderer. Sleep had seized her senses.
There did the traveller find her in the morning—
God had released her.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE KNIFE-GRINDER

*(Sapphics)**Friend of Humanity*

“ Needy Knife-grinder ! whither are you going ?
 Rough is the road—your wheel is out of order—
 Bleak blows the blast ; your hat has got a hole in’t,
 So have your breeches !

Weary Knife-grinder ! little think the proud ones,
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
 Road, what hard work ’tis crying all day, ‘ Knives and
 Scissors to grind O ! ’

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind
 knives ?

Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?
 Was it the squire ? or parson of the parish ?
 Or the attorney ?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game ? or
 Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining ?
 Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
 All in a law-suit ?

(Have you not read the *Rights of Man* by Tom
 Paine ?)

Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
 Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
 Pitiful story.”

Knife-grinder

“Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night, a-drinking at *The Chequers*,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody ; *they* took me before the justice ;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your Honour’s health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.”

Friend of Humanity

“*I* give thee sixpence ! I will see thee damn’d
first—
Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to
vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast !”

[*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and
exit in a transport of Republican enthusiasm
and universal philanthropy.*]

GEORGE CANNING.

THE OLD MAN'S CONSOLATION

"You are old, Father William," the young man
cried ;

"The few locks that are left you are grey ;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,

"I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man
cried,

"And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,

"I remember'd that youth could not last ;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man
cried,

"And life must be hastening away ;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death !
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William
replied ;

"Let the cause thy attention engage !
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God !
And He hath not forgotten my age."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

FATHER WILLIAM

“ You are old, Father William,” the young man
said,

“ And your hair has become very white ;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right ? ”

“ In my youth,” Father William replied to his son,
“ I feared it might injure the brain ;
But now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.”

“ You are old,” said the youth, “ as I mentioned
before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat ;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray what is the reason of that ? ”

“ In my youth,” said the sage, as he shook his
grey locks,
“ I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple ? ”

“ You are old,” said the youth, “ and your jaws
are too weak
For anything tougher than suet ;
Yet you finished the goose with the bones and the
beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it ? ”

“ In my youth,” said his father, “ I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife ;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my
jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life.”

“ You are old,” said the youth, “ one would hardly
 suppose
 That your eye was as steady as ever ;
 Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
 What made you so awfully clever ? ”

“ I have answered three questions, and that is
 enough.”
 Said his father ; “ don’t give yourself airs !
 Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff ?
 Be off, or I’ll kick you down stairs ! ”
“ LEWIS CARROLL.”

ANOTHER ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

[*Cp. p. 120.*]

HANG thee, vile North-easter !
 Other things may be
 Very bad to bear with ;
 Nothing equals thee—
 Grim and grey North-easter,
 From each Essex-bog
 From the Plaistow marshes
 Rolling London fog !
 “ Tired we are of summer ”
 Kingsley may declare ;
 I give the assertion
 Contradiction bare.
 I, in bed, this morning
 Felt thee, as I lay ;
 “ There’s a vile North-easter
 Out of doors to-day ! ”
 Set the dust clouds blowing
 Till each face, they strike,

With the blacks is growing
Chimney-sweeper like !
Fill our rooms with smoke gusts
From the chimney-pipe !
Fill our eyes with water,
That defies the wipe !
Through the draughty passage,
Whistle loud and high,
Making doors and windows
Rattle, flap, and fly !
Mark that vile North-easter
Roaring up the vent,
Nipping soul and body,
Breeding discontent !
Squall, my noisy children ;
Smoke, my parlour grate ;
Scold, my shrewish partner ;
I accept my fate.
All is quite in tune with
This North-eastern Blast ;
Who can look for comfort
Till this wind be past ?
If all goes contrary,
Who can feel surprise,
With this rude North-easter
In his teeth and eyes ?
It blows much too often,
Nine days out of ten—
Yet we boast our climate
Like true English men !
In their soft South-easters
Could I bask at ease—
I'd let France and Naples
Bully as they please ;
But while this North-easter
In one's teeth is hurled,
Liberty seems worth just
Nothing in the world.

Come, as came our fathers
 Heralded by thee,
 Blasting, blighting, burning,
 Out of Normandy.
 Come and flay and skin us
 And dry up our blood—
 All to have a Kingsley
 Swear it does him good.

ANONYMOUS.

HIAWATHA'S PHOTOGRAPHING

[*Cp. p. 53.*]

FROM his shoulder Hiawatha
 Took the camera of rosewood,
 Made of sliding, folding rosewood ;
 Neatly put it all together.
 In its case it lay compactly
 Folded into nearly nothing ;
 But he opened out the hinges,
 Pushed and pulled the joints and hinges,
 Till it looked all squares and oblongs,
 Like a complicated figure
 In the second book of Euclid.

This he perched upon a tripod,
 And the family in order
 Sat before him for their pictures—
 Mystic, awful was the process.

First a piece of glass he coated
 With Collodion, and plunged it
 In a bath of Lunar Caustic
 Carefully dissolved in water ;
 There he left it certain minutes.

Secondly, my Hiawatha
 Made with cunning hand a mixture

Of the acid Pyro-gallic,
And of Glacial Acetic,
And of Alcohol and water :
This developed all the picture.

Finally he fixed each picture
With a saturate solution
Of a certain salt of Soda—
Chemists call it Hyposulphite.
[Very difficult the name is
For a metre like the present,
But periphrasis has done it.]

All the family in order
Sat before him for their pictures.
Each in turn, as he was taken,
Volunteered his own suggestions,
His invaluable suggestions.

First the Governor, the Father :
He suggested velvet curtains
Looped about a massy pillar,
And the corner of a table,
Of a rosewood dining-table.
He would hold a scroll of something,
Hold it firmly in his left hand ;
He would keep his right hand buried
(Like Napoleon) in his waistcoat ;
He would contemplate the distance
With a look of pensive meaning,
As of ducks that die in tempests.

Grand, heroic was the notion :
Yet the picture failed entirely :
Failed because he moved a little,
Moved because he couldn't help it.

Next his better half took courage ;
She would have her picture taken.
She came dressed beyond description,
Dressed in jewels and in satin
Far too gorgeous for an empress.
Gracefully she sat down sideways,

With a simper scarcely human,
Holding in her hand a nosegay
Rather larger than a cabbage.
All the while that she was taking,
Still the lady chattered, chattered,
Like a monkey in the forest.
“Am I sitting still?” she asked him.
“Is my face enough in profile?”
“Shall I hold the nosegay higher?”
“Will it come into the picture?”
And the picture failed completely.

Next the Son, the stunning Cantab.
He suggested curves of beauty,
Curves pervading all his figure,
Which the eye might follow onward,
Till they centred in the breast-pin,
Centred in the golden breast-pin.
He had learnt it all from Ruskin
[Author of *The Stones of Venice*,
Seven Lamps of Architecture,
Modern Painters, and some others];
And perhaps he had not fully
Understood his author's meaning;
But, whatever was the reason,
All was fruitless, as the picture
Ended in an utter failure.

Next to him the eldest daughter.
She suggested very little;
Only asked if he would take her
With her look of “passive beauty.”

Her idea of passive beauty
Was a squinting of the left eye,
Was a drooping of the right eye,
Was a smile that went up sideways
To the corner of the nostrils.

Hiawatha, when she asked him,
Took no notice of the question,
Look'd as if he hadn't heard it;

But when pointedly appealed to,
Smiled in his peculiar manner,
Coughed and said it "didn't matter,"
Bit his lip and changed the subject.

Nor in this was he mistaken,
As the picture failed completely.

So in turn the other sisters.

Last the youngest son was taken :
Very rough and thick his hair was,
Very round and red his face was,
Very dusty was his jacket,
Very fidgety his manner.
And his overbearing sisters
Called him names he disapproved of ;
Called him Johnny, " Daddy's Darling,"
Called him Jacky, " Scrubby Schoolboy."
And so awful was the picture—
In comparison the others
Might be thought to have succeeded,
To have partially succeeded.

Finally my Hiawatha
Tumbled all the tribe together,
[" Grouped " is not the right expression.]
And, as happy chance would have it,
Did at last obtain a picture
Where the faces all succeeded :
Each came out a perfect likeness.

Then they joined and all abused it,
Unrestrainedly abused it,
As " the worst and ugliest picture
They could possibly have dreamed of.
Giving one such strange expressions !
Sulkiness, conceit, and meanness !
Really any one would take us
[Any one that did not know us]
For the most unpleasant people ! "
Hiawatha seemed to think so,
[Seemed to think it not unlikely.]

All together rang their voices,
Angry, loud, discordant voices,
As of dogs that howl in concert,
As of cats that wail in chorus.

But my Hiawatha's patience,
His politeness and his patience,
Unaccountably had vanished—
And he left that happy party.
Neither did he leave them slowly
With that calm deliberation,
That intense deliberation
Which photographers aspire to.
But he left them in a hurry,
Left them in a mighty hurry,
Vowing that he would not stand it.
Hurriedly he packed his boxes,
Hurriedly the porter trundled
On a barrow all his boxes ;
Hurriedly he took his ticket,
Hurriedly the train received him :
Thus departed Hiawatha.

“ LEWIS CARROLL.”

REALM 11

HUMOUR

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ON A FAVOURITE CAT DROWNED IN A
TUB OF GOLDFISHES

'Twas on a lofty vase's side
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow—
Demurest of the Tabby kind
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared !
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet and emerald eyes
She saw—and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream.
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw.
A whisker first, and then a claw
With many an ardent wish
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize—
What female heart can gold despise ?
What cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
Malignant fate sat by and smiled—
The slippery verge her feet beguiled ;
She tumbled headlong in !

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery god
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came. No Nereid stirr'd.
Nor eruel Tom nor Susan heard—
A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeeceived
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold !
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters, gold !

THOMAS GRAY.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown ;
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
" Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto *The Bell* at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, " I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear ;
Therefore, it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, " That's well said ;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came. The chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip. Round went the wheels.
Were never folk so glad.
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs :
“ The wine is left behind ! ”

“ Good lack ! ” quoth he—“ yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.”

Now Mrs. Gilpin—careful soul !—
Had two stone-bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red eloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain.
That trot became a gallop soon
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neek or nought.
Away went hat and wig.
He little dreamt when he set out
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow. The eloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark. The children screamed.
Up flew the windows all.
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight! He rides a race
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcôny spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

“ Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here’s the house ”—
They all aloud did cry ;
“ The dinner waits, and we are tired ! ”
Said Gilpin, “ So am I ! ”

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there ;
For why ? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender’s
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him,

“ What news ? what news ? your tidings tell—
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all ? ”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,

And loved a timely joke ;

And thus unto the calender

In merry guise he spoke,

“ I came because your horse would come ;

And, if I well forebode,

My hat and wig will soon be here—

They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find

His friend in merry pin,

Returned him not a single word,

But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;

A wig that flowed behind,

A hat not much the worse for wear,

Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn

Thus showed his ready wit,

“ My head is twice as big as yours.

They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away

That hangs upon your face.

And stop and eat, for well you may

Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “ It is my wedding-day,

And all the world would stare

If wife should dine at Edmonton,

And I should dine at Ware.”

So turning to his horse, he said,

“ I am in haste to dine.

’Twas for your pleasure you came here,

You shall go back for mine.”

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig.
He lost them sooner than at first
For why ?—they were too big.

Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to *The Bell*,
“ This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain ;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry,

“ Stop thief ! Stop thief !—A highwayman ! ”
Not one of them was mute.
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The tollmen thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, “ Long live the King !
And Gilpin, long live he ! ”
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE MAGNET AND THE CHURN

A MAGNET hung in a hardware shop,
And all around was a loving crop
Of scissors and needles, nails and knives,
Offering love for all their lives ;
But for iron the Magnet felt no whim,
Though he charmed iron it charmed not him,
From needles and nails and knives he'd turn,
For he'd set his love on a Silver Churn

His most aesthetic,
 Very magnetic
 Fancy took this turn—
 “ If I can wheedle
 A knife or a needle,
 Why not a Silver Churn ? ”

And Iron and Steel expressed surprise,
 The needles opened their well-drilled eyes,
 The pen-knives felt “ shut up ” no doubt,
 The scissors declared themselves “ cut out,”
 The kettles they boiled with rage, ’tis said,
 While every nail went off its head,
 And hither and thither began to roam,
 Till a hammer came up—and drove it home,
 While this magnetic
 Peripatetic
 Lover he lived to learn,
 By no endeavour,
 Can Magnet ever
 Attract a Silver Churn.

SIR WILLIAM GILBERT.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN

AN OLD BALLAD

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,
 A carpenter by trade ;
 And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
 That was a lady’s maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
 They met a press-gang crew
 And Sally she did faint away,
 While Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

“Come, girl,” said he, “hold up your head !
He'll be as good as me ;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be.”

So when they'd made their game of her
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

“And is he gone, and is he gone ? ”
She cried, and wept outright ;
“Then I will to the water-side,
And see him out of sight.”

A waterman came up to her—
“Now, young woman,” said he,
“If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea.”

“Alas ! they've taken my beau Ben,
To sail with old Benbow ” ;
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said “Gee woe ! ”

Says he, “They've only taken him
To the Tender-ship, you see.”
“The Tender-ship,” cried Sally Brown,
“What a hard-ship that must be !

Oh ! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him—
But oh ! I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

Alas ! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
That's underneath the world ;
But in two years the ship came home
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown
To see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

" O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so ?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow ! "

Then reading on his 'baceo box,
He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing, " All's Well "
But could not, though he tried.
His head was turned, and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty odd befell.
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair !
Bishop and abbot and prior were there ;
 Many a monk and many a friar,
 Many a knight and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth a goodly company ;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended
 knee.
 Never I ween,
 Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims !

 In and out
 Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about ;
 Here and there
 Like a dog in a fair,
 Over comfits and cakes,
 And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier ! he hopp'd upon all !
 With saucy air,
 He perch'd on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat.
 And he peer'd in the face
 Of his Lordship's Grace
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
“ We two are the greatest folks here to-day ! ”
 And the priests, with awe,
 As such freaks they saw,
Said, “ The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw ! ”

The feast was over. The board was clear'd.
The flawns and the eustards had all disappear'd.
And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,

Came, in order due,

Two by two,

Marching that grand refectory through!

A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water, and eau de Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

One little boy more

A napkin bore

Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in permanent ink.

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white.

From his finger he draws

His costly turquoise;

And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight

By the side of his plate,

While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout,

And a deuce of a rout,

And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the Monks have their pockets all turn'd inside
out.

The Friars are kneeling,
 And hunting, and feeling
 The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
 The Cardinal drew
 Off each plum-colour'd shoe,
 And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;
 He peeps, and he feels
 In the toes and the heels.
 They turn up the dishes. They turn up the plates.
 They take up the poker and poke out the grates.
 They turn up the rugs.
 They examine the mugs.
 But, no !—no such thing ;—
 They can't find THE RING !
 And the Abbot declared that, “ when nobody
 twigg'd it,
 Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it ! ”

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look.
 He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book !
 In holy anger and pious grief
 He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !
 He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed,
 From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ;
 He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
 He should dream of the devil, and wake in a
 fright ;
 He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in
 drinking,
 He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in
 winking ;
 He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying ;
 He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
 He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying !—
 Never was heard such a terrible curse !!
 But what gave rise
 To no little surprise—
 Nobody seem'd one penny the worse !

The day was gone.
The night came on.
The Monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn,
When the Sacristan saw,
On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw !
No longer gay,
As on yesterday ;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong
way ;—
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;
His eye so dim,
So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, “ **THAT'S**
HIM !—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous
thing !
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's
Ring ! ”

The poor little Jackdaw,
When the Monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
“ Pray, be so good as to walk this way ! ”
Slower and slower
He limp'd on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw,
Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the **RING** in the nest of that little Jackdaw !

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book
And off that terrible curse he took.
The mute expression
Served in lieu of confession,

And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution !
—When those words were heard,
That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.
He grew sleek, and fat.
In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat !

His tail waggled more
Even than before.
But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air.
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopp'd now about
With a gait devout.
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out.
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—
Or slumber'd in pray'r-time and happen'd to snore,
That good Jackdaw
Would give a great "Caw !"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more !"
While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jack-
daw !"
He long lived the pride
Of that country-side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died ;
When, as words were too faint
His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint ;
And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of "Jim
Crow !"

"THOMAS INGOLDSBY."

THE MODERN MAJOR-GENERAL

I AM the very pattern of a modern Major-General,
 I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral ;
 I know the Kings of England, and I quote the fights
 historical,
 From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical ;
 I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathe-
 matical,
 I understand equations, both the simple and
 quadratical ;
 About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o'
 news,
 With interesting facts about the square of the
 hypotenuse.
 I'm very good at integral and differential calculus,
 I know the scientific names of beings animal-
 culous.
 In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
 I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

I know our mythic history—King Arthur's and Sir
 Caradoc's,
 I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste in
 paradox ;
 I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,
 In conics I can floor peculiarities parabalous.
 I tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and
 Zoffanies,
 I know the croaking chorus from *The Frogs* of
 Aristophanes ;
 Then I can hum a fugue, of which I've heard the
 music's din afore,
 And whistle all the airs from that confounded
 nonsense *Pinafore*.

Then I can write a washing-bill in Babylonian
cuneiform,
And tell you every detail of Caractacus's uniform.
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

In fact, when I know what is meant by "mamelon"
and "ravelin,"
When I can tell at sight a Chassepot rifle from a
javelin,
When such affairs as *sorties* and surprises I'm more
wary at,
And when I know precisely what is meant by
Commissariat,
When I have learnt what progress has been made
in modern gunnery,
When I know more of tactics than a novice in a
nunnery,
In short, when I've a smattering of elemental
strategy,
You'll say a better Major-General has never *sat* a
gee—
For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky
and adventury,
Has only been brought down to the beginning of
the century.
But still in learning vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-General!

SIR WILLIAM GILBERT.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might.
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
“It’s very rude of him,” she said,
“To come and spoil the fun.”

The sea was wet as wet could be ;
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky.
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand.
“If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “it would be grand.”

“If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,
“That they could get it clear ?”
“I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

“ O Oysters, come and walk with us ! ”
The Walrus did beseech,
“ A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk
Along the briny beach ;
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said ;
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the Oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat.
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four ;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more,
All hopping through the frothy waves
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low.
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

“ The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“ To talk of many things.

Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.”

“ But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,
“ Before we have our chat ;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat ! ”
“ No hurry ! ” said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

“ A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,
“ Is what we chiefly need.
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed.
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.”

“ But not on us ! ” the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
“ After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do ! ”
“ The night is fine,” the Walrus said.
“ Do you admire the view ?

It was so kind of you to come !
And you are very nice ! ”
The Carpenter said nothing but
“ Cut me another slice !
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice ! ”

“ It seems a shame,” the Walrus said,
“ To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick ! ”

The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick ! "

"I weep for you," the Walrus said ;
"I deeply sympathize."

With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run !
Shall we be trotting home again ? "
But answer came there none—
And this was seareely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

"LEWIS CARROLL."

LITTLE BILLEE

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea,

But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.

Now when they got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."

To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left. Us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree !

There's little Bill. He's young and tender.
We're old and tough. So let's eat he.

Oh, Bill, we're going to kill and eat you.
So undo the button of your chemie."

When Bill received this information
He used his pocket handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."

"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main top-gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.

He searee had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps. "There's land I see.

There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee ;

There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee ;

But as for little Bill, he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE OWL CRITIC

“WHO stuffed that white owl?” No one spoke
in the shop——

The barber was busy, and couldn't stop;

The customers, waiting their turns, were all
reading

The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding

The young man who blurted out such a blunt
question.

Not one raised his head, or e'en made a suggestion——

And the barber kept on shaving.

“Don't you see, Mr. Brown,”

Cried the youth, with a frown,

“How wrong the whole thing is,

How preposterous each wing is,

How flattened the head, how jammed down the
neck is——

In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck
'tis?

I make no apology.

I've learnt owl-eology;

I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,

And cannot be blinded to any deflections

Arising from unskilful fingers, that fail

To stuff a bird right, from his head to his tail.

Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown,

Do take the bird down,

Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock over the
town!”

And the barber kept on shaving.

“I've studied owls,

And other night-fowls,

And I tell you

What I know to be true.

An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed.
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't do it, because
'Tis against all bird-laws
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches.
An owl has a toe
That can't turn out so.
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to
tears !

Mr. Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd !
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness ;
The man who stuffed him doesn't half know his
business ! ”

And the barber kept on shaving.

“ Examine those eyes !
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass.
So unnatural they seem,
They'd make Audubon scream
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.—
Do take that bird down !
Have him stuffed again, Brown ! ”—

And the barber kept on shaving.

“ With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
A bird better than that !
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff, like a side of coarse
leather !—
In fact, about him there’s not one natural feather.”

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round—and regarded his fault-finding
critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance
analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he would say,
“ Your learning’s at fault this time, anyway !
Don’t waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I’m an owl !—you’re another.—Sir Critic, good-
day ! ”

And the barber went on shaving.

J. T. FIELDS.

THE QUAKER’S MEETING

I

A TRAVELLER wended the wilds among
With a purse of gold and a silver tongue.
His hat it was broad and all drab were his clothes,
For he hated high colours—except on his nose.
And he met with a lady, the story goes.

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

II

The damsel she cast him a merry blink ;
And the traveller nothing was loath, I think.
Her merry black eye beamed her bonnet beneath ;
And the quaker he grinned, for he'd very good
teeth ;
And he ask'd, " Art thee going to ride on the
heath ? "

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

III

" I hope you'll protect me, kind sir," said the maid,
" As to ride this heath over I'm sadly afraid ;
For robbers, they say, here in numbers abound.
And I wouldn't ' for anything ' I should be found,
For—between you and me—I have five hundred
pound."

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

IV

" If that is thee own, dear," the quaker he said,
" I ne'er saw a maiden I sooner would wed.
And I have another five hundred just now
In the padding that's under my saddle-bow ;
And I'll settle it all upon thee, I vow ! "

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

V

The maiden she smiled and her rein she drew.
" Your offer I'll take—though I'll not take you ! "
A pistol she held at the quaker's head—
" Now give me your gold—or I'll give you my lead—
'Tis under the saddle, I think you said."

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

VI

The damsel she ripped up the saddle-bow
 And the quaker was never a *quaker* till now.
 And he saw by the fair one he wished for a bride
 His purse borne away with a swaggering stride ;
 And the eye that looked tender, now only defied.
 Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

VII

“ The spirit doth move me, friend Broad-brim,”
 said she,
 “ To take all this filthy temptation from thee ;
 For Mammon deceiveth—and beauty is fleeting.
 Accept from thy *maai-d’n* a right loving greeting ;
 For much doth she profit by this quaker’s meeting.”
 Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

VIII

“ And hark ! jolly quaker, so rosy and sly,
 Have righteousness more than a wench in thine eye !
 Don’t go again peeping girls’ bonnets beneath !
 Remember the one that you met on the heath !
 Her name’s *Jimmy* Barlow—I tell to your teeth ! ”
 Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

IX

“ *Friend* James,” quoth the quaker, “ pray listen
 to me,
 For thou canst confer a great favour, d’ye see.
 The gold thou hast taken is not mine, my friend,
 But my master’s—and truly on thee I depend
 To make it appear I my trust did defend.”
 Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

X

“So fire a few shots through my clothes here and there

To make it appear 'twas a desp'rate affair ! ”

—So Jim he popped first through the skirt of his coat

And then through his collar—quite close to the throat.

“Now, once through my broad brim,” quoth Ephraim, “I vote.”

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

XI

“I have but a brace,” said bold Jim, “and they’re spent,

And I won’t load again for a make-believe rent.”

“Then,” said Ephraim—producing *his* pistols—
“just give

My five hundred pounds back—or as sure as you live—

I’ll make of your body a riddle or sieve ! ”

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

XII

Jim Barlow was diddled—and, though he was game,

He saw Ephraim’s pistol so deadly in aim

That he gave up the gold and he took to his scrapers.

And when the whole story got into the papers,

They said that “*the thieves were no match for the quakers.*”

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

SAMUEL LOVER.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL
JAMES

WHICH I wish to remark
 (And my language is plain)
That for ways that are dark
 And for tricks that are vain—
The heathen Chinee is peculiar ;
 Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name.
 And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
 What that name might imply.
But his smile it was pensive and childlike
 As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third
 And quite soft was the skies—
Which it might be inferred
 That Ah Sin was likewise.
Yet he played it that day upon William
 And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game
 And Ah Sin took a hand.
It was Euchre. The same
 He did not understand
But he smiled as he sat by the table
 With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
 In a way that I grieve.
And my feelings were shocked
 At the state of Nye's sleeve
Which was stuffed full of aces and *bowers*—
 And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a *right bower*
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye
And he gazed upon me.
And he rose with a sigh
And he said, "Can this be ?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour !"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand.
But the floor it was strewed,
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
In the game "he did *not* understand."

In his sleeves which were long
He had twenty-four paeks—
Which was coming it strong.
Yet I state but the facts ;
And we found on his nails (which were taper)
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark
(And my language is plain)
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain
The heathen Chinee is peculiar ;
Which the same I am free to maintain.

BRET HARTE.

MULGA BILL'S BICYCLE

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that caught
the cycling craze ;
He turned away the good old horse that served him
many days ;
He dressed himself in cycling clothes, resplendent
to be seen ;
He hurried off to town and bought a shining new
machine ;
And as he wheeled it through the door, with air of
lordly pride,
The grinning shop assistant said, " Excuse me,
can you ride ? "

" See, here, young man," said Mulga Bill, " from
Walgett to the sea,
From Conroy's Gap to Castlereagh, there's none
can ride like me.
I'm good all round at everything, as everybody
knows,
Although I'm not the one to talk—I *hate* a man
that blows.
But riding is my special gift, my chiefest, sole
delight ;
Just ask a wild duck can it swim, a wild cat can it
fight.
There's nothing clothed in hair or hide, or built of
flesh or steel,
There's nothing walks or jumps, or runs, on axle,
hoof, or wheel,
But what I'll sit, while hide will hold and girths
and straps are tight.
I'll ride this here two-wheeled concern right straight
away at sight."

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that sought his
own abode,
That perched above the Dead Man's Creek, beside
the mountain road.
He turned the cycle down the hill and mounted
for the fray,
But ere he'd gone a dozen yards it bolted clean
away.
It left the track, and through the trees, just like a
silver streak,
It whistled down the awful slope, towards the
Dead Man's Creek.

It shaved a stump by half an inch, it dodged a big
white-box :
The very wallaroos in fright went scrambling up
the rocks,
The wombats hiding in their caves dug deeper
underground,
As Mulga Bill, as white as chalk, sat tight to every
bound.
It struck a stone and gave a spring that cleared a
fallen tree,
It raced beside a precipice as close as close could be ;
And then as Mulga Bill let out one last despairing
shriek
It made a leap of twenty feet into the Dead Man's
Creek.

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that slowly
swam ashore :
He said, " I've had some narrer shaves and lively
rides before ;
I've rode a wild bull round a yard to win a five-
pound bet,
But this was the most awful ride that I've en-
countered yet.

I'll give that two-wheeled outlaw best ; it's shaken
all my nerve
To feel it whistle through the air and plunge and
buck and swerve.
It's safe at rest in Dead Man's Creek, we'll leave it
lying still ;
A horse's back is good enough henceforth for
Mulga Bill."

A. B. PATERSON.

A NIGHTMARE

WHEN you're lying awake with a dismal headache,
and repose is taboo'd by anxiety,
I conceive you may use any language you choose
to indulge in without impropriety ;
For your brain is on fire—the bedclothes conspire
of usual slumber to plunder you :
First your counterpane goes and uncovers your
toes, and your sheet slips demurely from
under you ;
Then the blanketing tickles—you feel like mixed
pickles, so terribly sharp is the pricking,
And you're hot, and you're cross, and you tumble
and toss till there's nothing 'twixt you and
the ticking.
Then the bedclothes all creep to the ground in a
heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tangle ;
Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to
remain at its usual angle !
Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze,
with hot eyeballs and head ever aching,
But your slumbering teems with such horrible
dreams that you'd very much better be waking ;
For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and
tossing about in a steamer from Harwich,

Which is something between a large bathing-machine and a very small second-class carriage;
And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat)
to a party of friends and relations—

They're a ravenous horde—and they all came on board at Sloane Square and South Kensington stations.

And bound on that journey you find your attorney
[who started that morning from Devon];

He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised
when he tells you he's only eleven.

Well, you're driving like mad with this singular
lad [by the bye the ship's now a four-wheeler]

And you're playing round games, and he calls you
bad names when you tell him that "ties pay
the dealer";

But this you can't stand, so you throw up your
hand, and you find you're as cold as an icicle,

In your shirt and your socks [the black silk with gold
clocks], crossing Salisbury Plain on a bicycle:

And he and the crew are on bicycles too—which
they've somehow or other invested in—

And he's telling the tars all the *partieulars* of a
company he's interested in—

It's a scheme of deviees, to get at low prices, all
goods from cough mixtures to cables

(Which tickled the sailors) by treating retailers,
as though they were all vegetables—

You get a good spademan to plant a small trades-
man [first take off his boots with a boot-tree],

And his legs will take root, and his fingers will
shoot, and they'll blossom and bud like a
fruit-tree—

From the greengrocer tree you get grapes and green
pea, cauliflower, pineapple, and cranberries,

While the pastry-cook plant cherry brandy will
grant, apple puffs, and three-corners, and
banberries—

The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken
by Rothschild and Baring,
And just as a few are allotted to you, you awake
with a shudder despairing—
You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck,
and no wonder you snore, for your head's on
the floor, and you've needles and pins from your
soles to your shins, and your flesh is a-creep,
for your left leg's asleep, and you've cramp
in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some
fluff in your lung, and a feverish tongue, and
a thirst that's intense, and a general sense
that you haven't been sleeping in clover ;
But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at
last, and the night has been long—ditto, ditto
my song—and thank goodness they're both of
them over !

SIR WILLIAM GILBERT.



REALM 12

FAIRYLAND

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HERE ARE FAIRIES!

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon ;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide !
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic. Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house.
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.
Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire.
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier ;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.
First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A TRIFLE LIGHT AS AIR

O who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho !
As the light-hearted fairy, heigh ho !
 He dances and sings
 To the sound of his wings,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho !

O who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho !
As the light-headed fairy, heigh ho !
 His nectar he sips
 From the primrose's lips,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho !

O who is so merry, so wary, heigh ho !
As the light-footed fairy, heigh ho !
 His night is the noon,
 And his sun is the moon,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho !

GEORGE DARLEY.

COMETH A COURIER

OVER hill, over dale,
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
And I serve the fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be.
In their gold coats spots you see ;
Those be rubies, fairy favours ;
In those freckles live their savours.

I must go seek some dewdrops here
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
 Farewell, thou lob of spirits ! I'll be gone.
 Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

QUEEN MAB

SHE comes

(In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman)
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep ;
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
 Her traces of the smallest spider's web,
 Her collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
 Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
 Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.

And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of
 love ;
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
 straight ;
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream—
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit.
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail

Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep ;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plaits the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

TROOPS OF FAIRIES AND LEGIONS OF ELVES

VOICES !—Ho ! ho ! —A band is coming,
Loud as ten thousand bees a-humming,
Or ranks of little merry men
Tromboning deeply from the glen ;
And now as if they changed, and rung
Their citterns small and riband-slung
Over their gallant shoulders hung !—
A chant ! a chant ! that swoons and swells
Like soft winds jangling meadow-bells ;
Now brave, as when in Flora's bower
Gay Zephyr blows a trumpet flower ;
Now thrilling fine, and sharp, and clear,
Like Dian's moonbeam duleimer ;
But mixt with whoops, and infant-laughter,
Shouts following one another after,
As on a hearty holiday
When Youth is flush, and full of May ;
Small shouts, indeed, as wild-bees knew
Both how to hum, and hollo too.

What ! Is the living meadow sown
With dragon-teeth, as long ago ?
Or is an army on the plains
Of this sweet clime, to fight with cranes ?
Helmet and hauberk, pike and lance,
Gorget and glaive through the long grass glance !
Red-men, and blue-men, and buff-men, small,
Loud-mouth'd captains, and ensigns tall,
Grenadiers, light-bobs, inch-people all,
They come ! they come ! with martial blore
Clearing a terrible path before !
Ruffle the high-peak'd flags i' the wind.
Mourn the long-answering trumpets behind
Telling how deep the close files are—
Make way for the stalwart sons of war !
Hurrah ! the buff-cheek'd bugle band,
Each with a loud reed in his hand !
Hurrah ! the pattering company,
Each with a drum-bell at his knee !
Hurrah ! the sash-capt cymbal swingers !
Hurrah ! the kingle-klangle ringers !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the elf-knights enter,
Each with his grasshopper at a canter !
His tough spear of a wild oat made,
His good sword of a grassy blade,
His buckram suit of shining laurel,
His shield of bark, emboss'd with coral !
See how the plummy champion keeps
His proud steed clambering on his hips,
With foaming jaw pinn'd to his breast,
Blood-rolling eyes, and arehêd crest !

Over his and his rider's head
A broad-sheet butterfly banner spread
Swoops round the staff in varying form,
Flouts the soft breeze, but courts the storm.

GEORGE DARLEY.

SPORTIVE GAMBOLS

COME follow, follow me,
You, fairy elves that be,
Which circle on the green,
Come follow Mab your queen !
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest
And snoring in their nest ;
Unheard, and unespied,
Through key-holes we do glide ;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Upstairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep ;
There we pinch their arms and thighs ;
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid.
For we use before we go
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread.
A grain of rye, or wheat,
Is manchets, which we eat.
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
 With unctuous fat of snails,
 Between two cockles stew'd,
 Is meat that's easily chew'd ;
 Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
 Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
 Serve for our minstrelsy.
 Grace said, we dance a while,
 And so the time beguile.
 And if the moon doth hide her head,
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
 So nimbly do we pass,
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends when we do walk.
 Yet in the morning may be seen
 Where we the night before have been.

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

THE KING OF FAIRYLAND DRESSES FOR THE DANCE

THE dwarfish Faery elves
 Having first attired themselves,
 Prepare to dress their Oberon King
 In light robes fit for revelling.
 With a cobweb shirt (more thin
 Than ever spider since could spin,
 Bleached to the whiteness of the snow
 By the stormy winds that blow
 In the vast and frozen air—
 No shirt half so fine, so fair)
 A rich waistcoat they did bring,
 Made of the trout-fly's gilded wing.

At which his elveship gan to fret,
Swearing it would make him sweat
Even with its weight. He needs would wear
A waistcoat wrought of downy hair
New-shaven from a stripling chin.
That pleased him well. 'Twas wondrous thin.

The outside of his doublet was
Made of the four-leaved, true-love grass,
Changed into so fine a gloss
With the oil of crispy moss,
It made a rainbow in the night,
Which gave a lustre passing light.
On every seam there was a laee
Drawn by the unctuous snail's slow pace,
To which the fin'st, pur'st silver thread,
Compared, did look like dull, pale lead.
Each button was a sparkling eye
Ta'en from the speckled adder's fry,
And, for coolness next the skin,
'Twas with white poppy lined within.

His breeches of the fleece was wrought
Which from Colehos Jason brought,
Spun into so fine a yarn
No mortal wight might it discern,
Weaved by Arachne on her loom,
Just before she had her doom.
A rich mantle he did wear
Made of tinsel gossamer,
Beflowered over with a few
Diamond stars of morning dew,
Dyed crimson in a maiden's blush,
Lined with humble-bee's soft plush.
His cap was all of ladies'-love,
So wondrous light, that it would move
If any humming gnat or fly
Buzzed the air in passing by.

SIR SIMEON STEWARD.

THE KING OF FAIRYLAND HAS
SUPPER

A LITTLE mushroom-table spread,
After short prayers, they set on bread—
A moon-parch'd grain of purest wheat,
With some small glit'ring grit, to eat
His choice bits with. Then in a trice
They make a feast less great than nice.
But all this while his eye is serv'd,
We must not think his ear was starv'd ;
But that there was in place to stir
His spleen, the chirring grasshopper ;
The merry cricket, puling fly,
The piping gnat for minstrelsy.

And now, we must imagine first,
The elves present to quench his thirst
A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,
Brought and besweetened in a blue
And pregnant violet ; which done,
His kitling eyes begin to run
Quite through the table, where he spies
The horns of papery butterflies ;
Of which he eats, and tastes a little
Of that we call the cuckoo's spittle.
A little furze-ball pudding stands
By, yet not bless'd by his hands.
That was too coarse. But then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugared rush, and eats the sag
And well bestrutted bee's sweet bag ;
Gladding his palate with some store
Of emmets' eggs. What would he more ?
But beards of mice, a newt's stew'd thigh,
A bloated earwig, and a fly ;

With the red-cap'd worme, that's shut
 Within the concave of a nut,
 Brown as his tooth ; a little moth,
 Late fatten'd in a piece of cloth ;
 With wither'd cherries ; mandrakes' ears ;
 Moles' eyes ; to these, the slain-stag's tears ;
 The unctuous dewlaps of a snail ;
 The broke-heart of a nightingale
 O'er-come in musick ; with a wine,
 Ne'er ravish'd from the flattering vine,
 Brought in a dainty daisy which
 He fully quaffs up to bewitch
 His blood to height ; this done, commended
 Grace by his priest, the feast is ended.

ROBERT HERRICK.

PUCK—THE KING'S JESTER

FROM Oberon, in fairy land,
 The king of ghosts and shadows there,
 Mad Robin I, at his command,
 Am sent to view the night-sports here.
 What revel rout
 Is kept about,
 In every corner where I go,
 I will o'ersee,
 And merry be,
 And make good sport, with " Ho, ho, ho ! "

More swift than lightning can I fly
 About this aery welkin soon,
 And, in a minute's space descry
 Each thing that's done below the moon.
 There's not a hag
 Or ghost shall wag

Or cry, "Ware Goblins !" where I go,
But Robin I
Their feats will spy,
And send them home, with "Ho, ho, ho !"

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
As from their night-sports they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greet
And call them on with me to roam
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes ;
Or else, unseen, with them I go,
All in the nick
To play some trick
And frolic it, with "Ho, ho, ho !"

Sometimes I meet them like a man ;
Sometimes, an ox ; sometimes, a hound !
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round.
But if, to ride,
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
O'er hedge and lands,
Thro' pools and ponds
I whirry, laughing, "Ho, ho, ho !"

When lads and lasses merry be
With possets and with junkets fine,
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine ;
And, to make sport
I cough and snort ;
And out the candles I do blow ;
The maids I kiss ;
They shriek,—"Who's this ?"
I answer nought, but "Ho, ho, ho !"

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wool ;
And while they sleep and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
 I grind at mill
 Their malt up still ;
I dress their hemp ; I spin their tow.
 If any wake,
 And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, “ Ho, ho, ho ! ”

When any need to borrow aught,
We lend them what they do require ;
And for the use demand we nought ;
Our own is all we do desire,
 If to repay
 They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And night by night,
I them affright
With pinchings, dreams, and “ Ho, ho, ho ! ”

When lazy queans have nought to do
But study how to cog and lie ;
To make debate and mischief too,
’Twixt one another secretly,
 I mark their gloze,
 And it disclose
To them whom they have wronged so.
 When I have done,
 I get me gone
And leave them scolding, “ Ho, ho, ho ! ”

When men do traps and engines set
In loop holes, where the vermin creep,
Who from their folds and houses get
Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep,

I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so ;
But when they there
Approach me near,
I leap out laughing, " Ho, ho, ho ! "

By wells and rills, in meadows green,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise ;
And to our fairy king and queen
We chant our moon-light minstrelsies.
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling ;
And babes new born steal as we go,
And elf in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us laughing, " Ho, ho, ho ! "

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro ;
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellôw.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins do me know ;
And beldams old
My feats have told ;
So Vale, Vale ! Ho, ho, ho !

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

PUK-WUDJIES

[“The Puk-Wudjies . . . the little People.”—*Longfellow*.]

THEY live 'neath the curtain
Of fir woods and heather,
And never take hurt in
The wildest of weather,
But best they love Autumn—she's brown as
themselves—
And they are the brownest of all the brown elves ;
When loud sings the West Wind,
The bravest and best wind,
And puddles are shining in all the cart ruts,
They turn up the dead leaves,
The russet and red leaves,
Where squirrels have taught them to look out for
nuts !

The hedge-cutters hear them,
Where berries are glowing,
The scythe circles near them
At time of the mowing,
But most they love woodlands when Autumn winds
pipe,
And all through the cover the beech-nuts are ripe,
And great spikey chestnuts,
The biggest and best nuts,
Blown down in the ditches, fair windfalls lie cast,
And no tree begrudges
The little Puk-Wudjies
A pocket of acorns, a handful of mast !

So should you be roaming
Where branches are sighing,
When up in the gloaming
The moon-wrack is flying,

And hear through the darkness, again and again,
What's neither the wind nor the spatter of rain—
 A flutter, a flurry,
 A scuffle, a scurry,
A bump like the rabbits' that bump on the ground,
 A patter, a bustle
 Of small things that rustle,
You'll know the Puk-Wudjies are somewhere
 around !

PATRICK R. CHALMERS.

REALM 13

HOMILY

- | | PAGE |
|---|------|
| 1. <i>Life is a journey over an uneven road, beset at times by terrors that are difficult to face, lightened at times by wayside joys that snare and enslave the senses. The steadfast man will remember where his goal lies and trudge forward with level pace and never faltering aim</i> | 328 |
| 2. <i>More to be esteemed than a string of precious gems are the polished maxims of the wise</i> | 329 |
| 3. <i>Happiness waits not on gifts from without but on graces from within. Honesty, Truthfulness, Temperance, and Meekness make the poorest household rich ; and Contentment is a talisman that turns wooden cups to gold and water into wine</i> | 333 |
| 4. <i>A picture of the very perfect knight by the very gentle poet</i> | 334 |
| 5. <i>An easy conscience offers a tranquil refuge from life's stormy seas and gives safe riding in the worst of weather</i> | 336 |

CONSTANCY

Who is the honest man ?
He that doth still and strongly, good pursue.
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true.
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind ;
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shuns them ; but doth calmly stay
Till he the thing, and the example weigh.
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,
To use in anything a trick or sleight ;
For above all things he abhors deceit.
His words, and works, and fashion too,
All of one piece ; and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptation. When the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run.
The sun to others writeth laws
And is their virtue. Virtue is *his* sun.

Who, when he is to treat
 With siek folks, women, those whom passions sway,
 Allows for that and keeps his constant way.

Whom others' faults do not defeat ;
 But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure
 (When the wide world runs bias from his will)
 To writhe his limbs—and share, not mend, the ill.

This is the mark-man safe and sure
 Who still is right and prays to be so still.

GEORGE HERBERT.

PROVERBS AND PRECEPTS

SATIETY

IF all the year were playing holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work.

Henry IV., Part I.

NEGLIGENCE

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
 Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

Henry VI., Part III.

EXCUSES

Oftentimes exeusing of a fault
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.

King John.

CONCEIT

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

Hamlet.

COWARDICE

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

Julius Cæsar.

CENSORIOUSNESS

How would *you* be,
If *He*, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are ?

Measure for Measure.

BULLYING

O it is excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Measure for Measure.

CONSCIENCE

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

Henry VI., Part III.

REPUTATION

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation. That away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

Richard II.

AMBITION

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's !

Henry VIII.

CHOICE OF OCCUPATION

To business that we love we rise betimes
And go to't with delight.
Antony and Cleopatra.

OPPORTUNITY

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
Julius Cæsar.

MONEY

Neither a lender nor a borrower be !
For loan oft loses both itself and friend
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
Hamlet.

RETICENCE

Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice.
Hamlet.

CONTENTION

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ! But being in,
Bear't that the opposêd may beware of thee.
Hamlet.

FLUENCY

Mend your speech a little
Lest it may mar your fortunes.
King Lear.

CHEERFULNESS

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
The Winter's Tale.

HONESTY OF PURPOSE

Never anything can be amiss
 When simpleness and duty tender it.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

HARD WORK

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillows hard.
Cymbeline.

FAITHFULNESS

A jewel in a ten-times-barred-up chest
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Richard II.

CONTENTMENT

All places that the eye of heaven visits
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Richard II.

RESIGNATION

Things without all remedy
 Should be without regard. What's done—is done.
Macbeth.

FORGIVENESS

Love thyself last ! Cherish those hearts that hate
 thee !
Henry VIII.

FRIENDSHIP

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption
 tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.
Hamlet.

SELF-RESPECT

This above all—to thine own self be true
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Hamlet.

PRAYER

God's goodness hath been great to thee.
Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord has done !

Henry VI., Part II.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LORD OF HIMSELF

How happy is he born or taught
Who serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill ;

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death—
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath ;

Who hath his ear from rumours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who envies none whom chance doth raise
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise,
Nor rules of state but rules of good ;

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to lend,
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a well-chosen book or friend—

This man is free from servile bands
 Of hope to rise or fear to fall.
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
 That every Man in arms should wish to be?

It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought;
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light
 That makes the path before him always bright;
 Who (with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform) is diligent to learn;
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
 But makes his moral being his prime care.

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain
 And Fear and Bloodshed—miserable train!—
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
 In face of these doth exercise a power
 Which is our human nature's highest dower;
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives;
 By objects which might force the soul to abate
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
 Is placable—because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacrifice;
 More skilful in self knowledge; even more pure,
 As tempted more; more able to endure,

As more exposed to suffering and distress ;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows.

Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means ; and there will stand
On honourable terms ; or else retire
And in himself possess his own desire ;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state—
Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all.

Whose powers shed round him in the common strife
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover, and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired ;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need.

He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes—
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity

It is his darling passion to approve ;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love.

'Tis, finally, the Man, who lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won ;
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpass ;
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.

This is the happy Warrior. This is he
Whom every Man in arms should wish to be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE UPRIGHT MAN

THE man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity ;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude,
Nor sorrow discontent ;

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence.

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things ;

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

THOMAS CAMPION.



LAST REALM

PRAYER

	PAGE
1. <i>That we may ever have in remembrance the heroes of old, striving to do our duty as they did theirs, so that the torch which they have handed us may be carried on undimmed</i> .	340
2. <i>That we may grow up clean and strong and true, so that it may be our privilege in due time to protect the weak and succour the distressed</i>	341
3. <i>That in times of prosperity and national success we may ascribe the glory to God Who gave it, and humble ourselves before His everlasting throne</i>	342
4. <i>That our sins may be forgiven and their burden removed</i>	343
5. <i>That we may be happy in the occasion of our death</i>	344

A PRAYER

WE thank Thee first, our FATHER,
Beneath Whose hand did grow
Our wooded hills and valleys,
Our silver streams below ;
Whose finger paints our meadows
And tints the clouds above,
Whose merey saves our country,
And makes her worth our love.

We thank Thee for our fathers,
Who trod where now we tread,
Our ageless roll of heroes,
Our unremembered dead,
Whose grave the world encircles
From South to Northern ice,
Who lived and died forgotten
In patient sacrifice.

We thank Thee for Thy favour,
As for Thy grace we pray
On every good endeavour,
In service, work, and play :
Bless all the hours of boyhood,
The sun, the wind, the rain :
May strength be born of weakness,
And sorrow turn to gain.

Oh, grant that now and ever,
No act of ours may cast
A stain on these fair meadows,
Or scenes, where heroes passed ;

To-day, and through the ages,
Their Faith shall be our shield,
Their Hope shall light our darkness,
Their Love shall win the field.

KENNETH FREEMAN.¹

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

FATHER in heaven Who lovest all,
O help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves always,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

¹ This poem was left by the Author incomplete. The concluding twelve lines were added by M. J. Rendall.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
 And mirth that has no bitter springs;
 Forgiveness free of evil done,
 And Love to all men 'neath the sun.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
 The captains and the kings depart:
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
 On dune and headland sinks the fire:
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord !

RUDYARD KIPLING.

A PRAYER

WILT Thou forgive that sin, where I begun
Which was my sin, though it were done before ?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which I run
And do run still, though still I do deplore ?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done ;
For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin and made my sins their door ?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two but wallowed in a score ?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done ;
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore.
But swear by Thyself that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as He shines now and heretofore
And having done *that*, Thou hast done.
I fear no more.

JOHN DONNE.

CROSSING THE BAR


SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark ;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

LORD TENNYSON.



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